

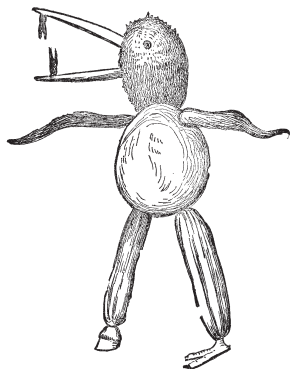


jubilat



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thirty six



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EKPHRASIS ON

George Abraham

in another universe i grow up
to want and be wanted whole
with the concave flux of rainbow flags
rippling in the wind like lapsing waves

in this city my mother's family build
between the flash and rush of trolleys
both heard and unheard

my mother wasn't a metaphor for drowning
yet here she could be
the immigrant daughter playing Galaga
at her father's store
with the whole universe in her hands

i believe this to be an inheritance
because Tel Aviv slipped through our grasp
sometimes history makes a repetition of us

from this hilltop you can see the ocean
perhaps this was all my mother wanted
to look into the horizon
see her own reflection
with her own blood

MIRROR SKYLINES

somewhere i could inherit safety
and not at my own expense
the flags of stolen nations
in synchronous blood-fall

themselves a sanctuary
above bellowing earth
the story goes

on this mirrored shoreline
my mother illuminated
between counted and dirt-stained quarters
from which she was displaced
lost country, forgotten mountainside

we cannot escape
we plant into another land uprooted
sometimes we make a repetition of history

consume the whole skyline
to survive another day without drowning
brute, unbridled, and not
among the waves shimmering
indistinguishable amidst the refracting light

INCOMPLETE CONFESSIONS OF WIND

The sand is coming. Listen:
low hum. absence illuminated

no whisper aside from the atlantic's
in particle. Only there were boys

with sandpaper skin. The sand
needn't fear the ocean, nor did they

was white and so it was vast. The boys
fear their father's blue. They could

and couldn't have come from it,
carcass – still, the boys held

those minerals, dead and without
the shells like they would a strip

of bark, always a breakage
displacement. The moon was vast

before the hurl into an unknown
and so it was white, at this precise

distance. The boys didn't see it,
falling mid-air in sheets. There was a towel

off in the distance, the sand
six feet to my left, dancing mid

-flight like a ripped flag. Like instinct,
i knew how to survive this

i wrapped it around my face as if
landscape; the boys,

silenced to their core.
sandstorm, the boys held me

When birthed by midnight
in their mouths like they would

Raghead – they didn't say it
unmoving. White as bone, plucked

aloud. They needn't give it voice: the boys,
and bleached for exhibit. In truth, it was my skin

who betrayed them. The boys
was named jake – how he too reached

with strawmat hair – i think one
for shelter, asked if i could help him

become me, like i wasn't warned
negative. Like i didn't recognize

of hands ghosted into land's
that face, rancid and speechless

the way, when cut open, a gall-bladder
and nauseous. The wind

can leave an entire room gasping
subsided. Perhaps i made it

all up – it was as if nothing
-ness. A breeze receding into lullaby. In truth,

happened: the boys resuming their small
there was nothing left to say – my feet shifting

between salt and xmineral, sinking
unsteady –

into that earth,
as if i was digging my own grave –

MAGIC GARDENS

Russell Atkins

— they go down:
air out of automobile tires,
sprung leaks; like a top hat up
sat down on, squashed to flat;
accordions groaning down, wash
merely fabric and shrinking,
or like love's silk stockings
a run in the sheer dream

he'd lived all in the hope
that things could keep
their enchantment —
he had been watching, listening
for any sound of what goes wrong,
to search diligently for the reason
— the fading of substance

for such portents, *usually*
he had a good ear

Here In The, 1976

ELEGY TO HURT BIRD THAT DIED [BURIED IN A MATCHBOX]

I suppose you suppose that yon of little burial
Is non of? Rather it is of universal o'er
Unvast because it unvast looks?
Well, how wrong, sir. How it propounds
Means utter, confounds, evers,
Wee-rosed as it is, alas,

I suppose you suppose, as some,
It was one of the lone
Who did thus? Ah yes,
As if one's boned
Skeletal'd in uneager sands
On shores undroned.

But we are other of
"Little Birds," each undone:
Laid in his "matchbox"
At last, at last no one.
Why if living bird dies
Should I not solemn him?

Bird, you shall be wept
For too. I do. From dogs,
Children, the cat, we made
Hurried away. Fragiled

In hand — I knew then —
Too frail a bloom.

Objects 2, 1963

EVENING REFLECTIONS IN A BIRDBATH

Still is there in our birdbath
strangely eye-like. Light
repeated from the sky.
Ill of it there is the so small
touch of a world's beware

Some leafy shadow overs
from trees wind-swell'd
and so the yard of commonplaces
in household sentiments,

Till more stark than ever
in the round of bowl
the always terror
stares its lo !

Objects 2, 1963

WHY I LOVE COUNTRY MUSIC

Lucy Biederman

Nothing is lost. So let me know
if you come across it. Let me know
if I let it fall along a back road
somewhere. What I'm trying to say is—

after he stopped playing it—I mean
what I was. Nothing is lost,
nothing is lost, loud locusts. Is

what I was saying.
Let me know
you can do this, you can do that.

It sounds better and
better as I say it. As I simply say
these long notes fail the ear.

The very air was lying.
It fails the years.
Listen, he was always saying,

sundered from Heaven,
from any sort of thing
that August

crooners sing. Nothing
from this breath of mine

comes of an August Sunday.

Sundered from anyone,
I love this one,
where nothing is lost,

along a back road somewhere.

ERASURES

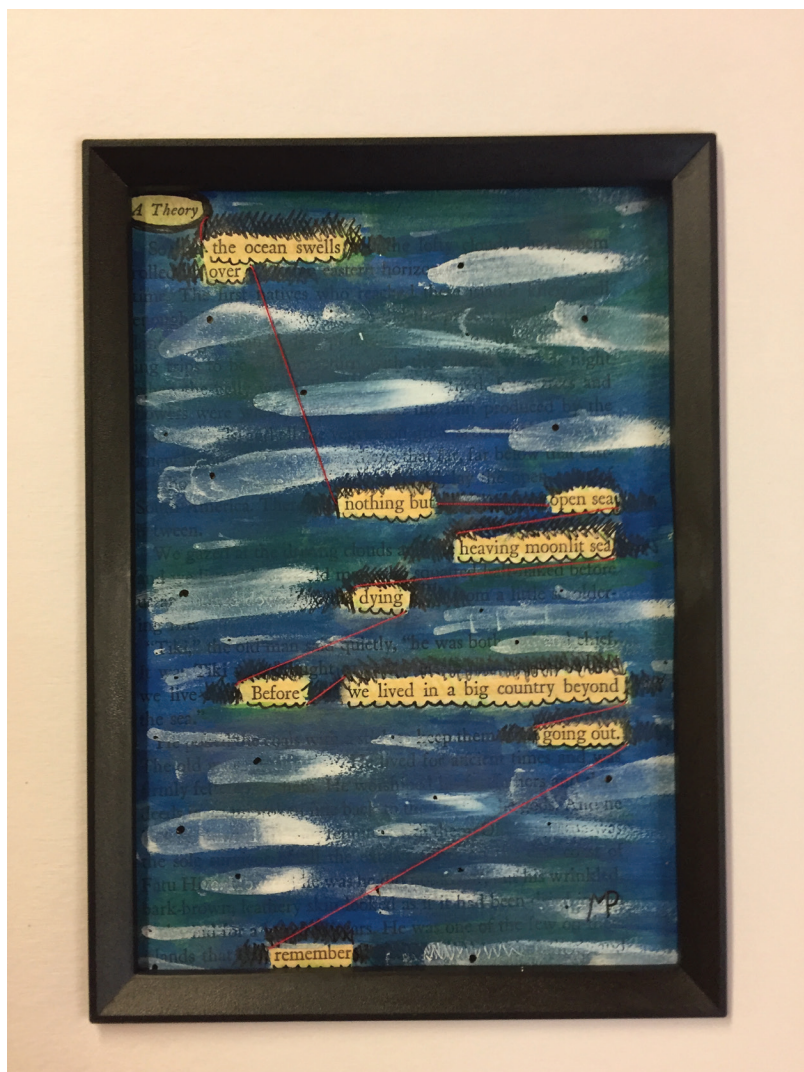
M.P. Carver

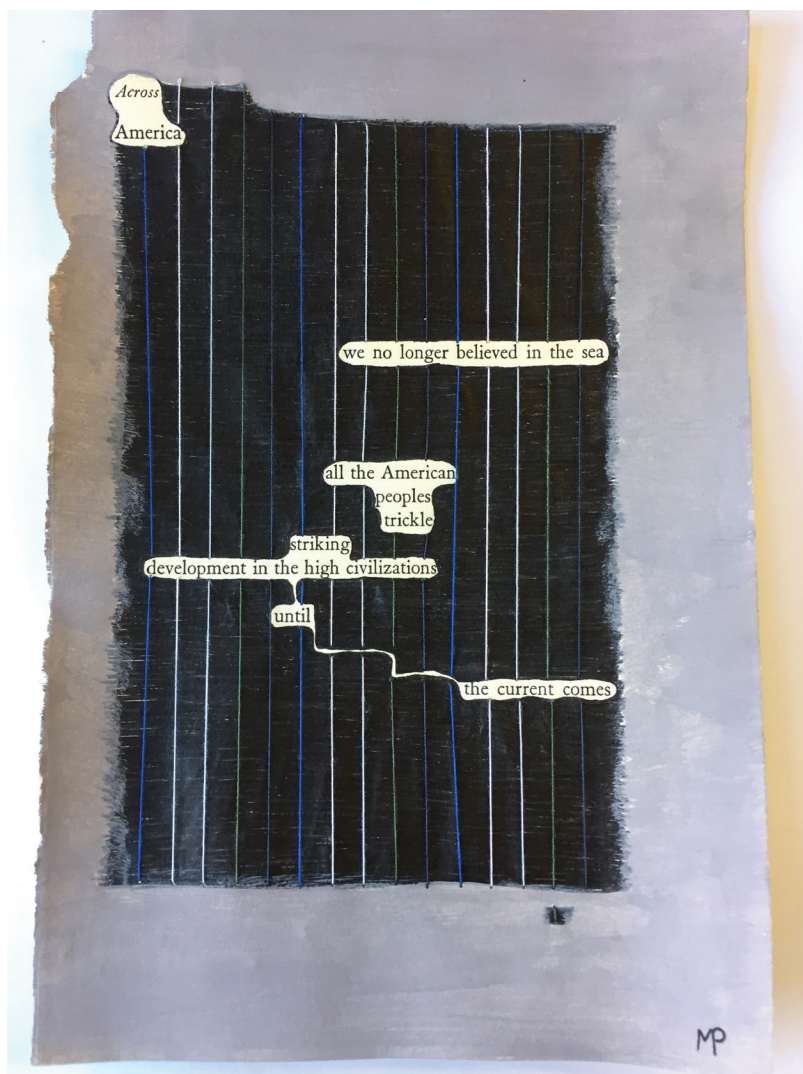
ones and corals gave the whole reef the appearance of a rock garden covered with mosses and cactus and fossilized plants, red and green and yellow and white. There was no color that was not represented, either in corals or algae or in shells and sea slugs and fantastic fish, which were wriggling about everywhere. In the deeper channels small sharks about four feet long came speeking up to us in the crystal-clear water. But we had only to smack the water with the palms of our hands for them to turn about and keep at a distance.

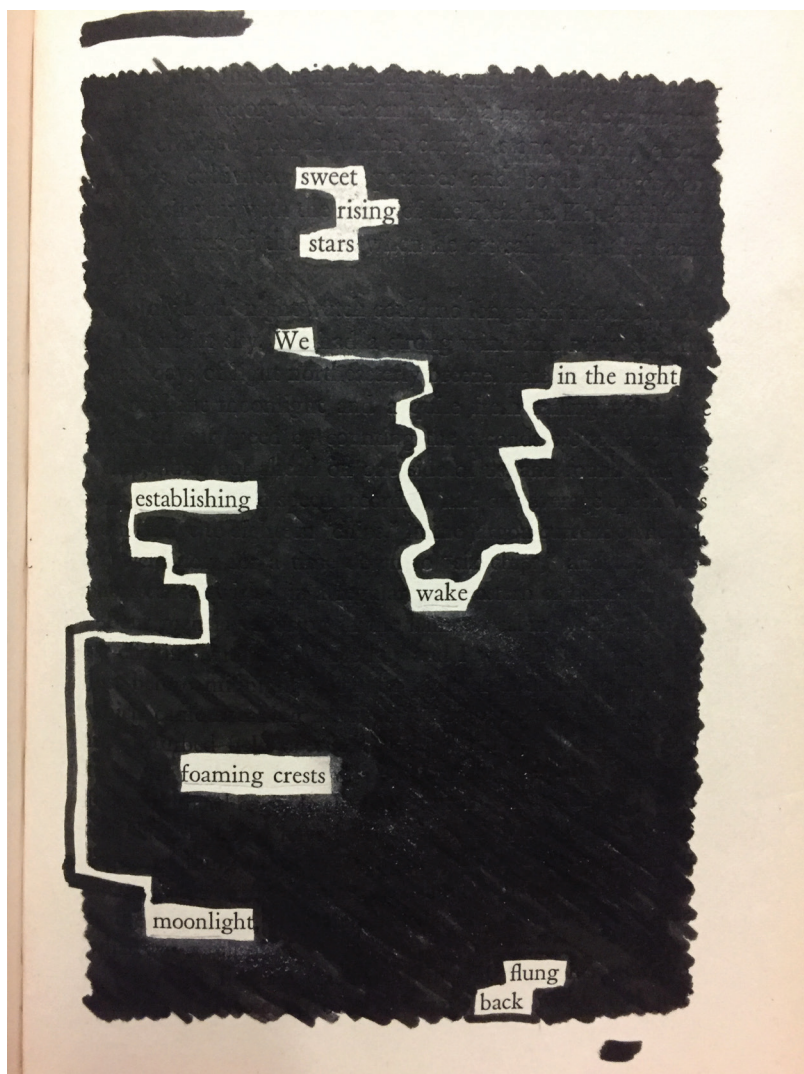
Where we had stranded, we had only pools of water and wet patches of coral about us; farther in lay the calm blue lagoon. The tide was going out, and we continually saw more corals sticking up out of the water round us, while the surf which thundered without interruption along the reef sank down, as it were, a floor lower. What would happen there on the narrow reef when the tide began to flow again was uncertain. We must get away.

The reef stretched like a half-submerged fortress wall up to the north and down to the south. In the extreme south was a long island densely covered with tall palm forest. And just above us to the north, only 600 or 700 yards away, lay another but considerably smaller palm island. It lay inside the reef, with palm tops rising into the sky and snow-white sandy beaches visible in the still lagoon. The whole island looked like a basket of flowers, or a little bit of concentrated paradise.

This was what I chose. Herman chose. Herman looked at me all over his bearded face. He did not say anything. He stretched out his hand and laughed quietly. The *Kor* was far out on the reef with the spray flying over her. She was a wreck, but an honorable







IMAGINARY DAD LESSON

Natalie Casagran Lopez

It came as no surprise
that imaginary dad's handle is "mister_fister."

I discovered this as I was googling "king midas fan art"
torturing myself through the concept of metastasis
which I suspected had killed the family dog—who was too much
of a witness
to the human disease of repeatedly gold plating sentimental
moments to not fall ill—
when I found that imaginary dad had bookmarked the login page
of a message board concerning ethereal sphincters of the cosmos

which I'd like to think is really about skirting the edge of reason
in the same way—after the dog died and I kept seeing strings of
people
crying alone in their cars, and one woman in her sedan, doggedly
tapped her fingertips
under her swollen eyes
to increase blood flow, I thought—

I imagined I had willed every person into existence to feel,
in essence, the superforce of imaginary dad's astral fisting

REBENQUE

Yongyu Chen

Luisa Valenzuela and Jorge
Luis Borges were childhood friends. Luisa
was the better writer, I told
you this, maybe this
is why we're forgetting
her more quickly. Maybe this
is why she only exists
in Spanish, in Argentina, in
the 80s and 90s, why
I wanted to write an essay
about her stories burnt white
and blue but all
I could remember was a
protagonist begging a shotglass
for forgiveness while it ceases
to exist. She
doesn't have a name. In the narration
she speaks she doesn't
think you need to know her name. In a different story,
not my favorite one, in the one that happens
without a trace a woman falls
out of the wound
on her neck onto a bed
and a mirror. They're the same
size. This
isn't an accident. Her window

isn't doesn't open anymore so she has
to open the ground. The memory
that she's afraid of doesn't go off
like a building being demolished because the memory
still doesn't exist. She's worried.
I wanted to write about the art
of making distance hurt, of referring
to every object on the wardrobe but then saying
that it could also be called something else. Maybe
it should. There was a marriage
and a crime. I remember this. There were the coldest
gardens on Earth. And the exchange
inside of the exchange — give me your memory,
he says, at the very end, the torturer, the fascist, the married
man, and I
will give you the gun too late
to be fired at me or
you, too late to change
anything but how your life rearranges
the charge
around the Sun. I wanted
to write an essay about Luisa
Valenzuela and call it "Permanent
Revolution, Permanently
Ending Revolution." Outside
my bedroom that night the rain
from Hurricane Florence finding
its way to New York, the storm
starting and stopping before there was too much
to give to a single
person. There was not

much else to say — except that I didn't
know where you were, and that, maybe, that literature
is violence
when it doesn't hurt. (At 11

you enter without your glasses. You tell me that your parents
divorced without telling you. It's hard
to reach for the lightswitch when I don't
know which way it should go. A week ago you had dreamed
of Typhoon Mangkhut leaving stones
on the park benches of Hong Kong, your parents dying
in every department store and me, emptied
out on the street with fifty
gas stations on it and two
books stores on it, telling
you that this
is how things are sometimes. Last night, I saw
our bodies weaving
through a forest
at night. I saw our bodies flying
through the trees beneath
the trees and I thought that this
was what death looked like
from below but that this
was also an image of love
and understanding. Of what love
tries to be, of what
it needs. It's hard
to reach for a hand with a hand but how else
do you hold a hand. I will never
again remember what it was like to be so
in love with you. Too many
phonecalls. Too many books that we read

together but forget
by ourselves. Too many bridges that taste
like lightning. Your favorite line
by Lorca is "Diana es dura." Yes, I said, but mine
hasn't been written yet. I'm still waiting
for Lorca to show me and all the other missing
poets who never
went missing in this century to whip
themselves blind in the doorless
district, using black
holes of hands and light).

I WILL LOOK ANYONE IN THE EYE AND SAY IT: AN INTERVIEW WITH CAConrad

This interview began at Eleanor Wilner's house over a meal prepared by CAConrad of vegan piggie rice before Conrad and Dara Wier's reading for "The Whenever We Feel Like It" at Kelly Writers House in January 2018. Michelle Taransky and CAConrad conducted the interview slowly over the next year and a half through email, voicemail, and text messages.

Michelle Taransky: *Thinking about your (Soma)tics as in conversation with (or as alternative to) procedural work by Yoko Ono, Oulipo, and other conceptual poetics, I can't help but feel the emphasis on sentiment and feeling in your rituals and poems. Though many procedural poetics lead to objective or non-expressive works, your rituals often work to reinscribe past sentiment and time-place into a future moment. Can you talk a bit about what you want the reader of your (Soma)tics (and/or the do-er of these (Soma)tics) to experience in terms of sentiment and objectivity?*

CAConrad: Thank you so much for interviewing me, Michelle. I love this question. For me, the (Soma)tic poetry rituals are foremost about locating myself inside an extreme present, regardless of whatever my focus may be. When writing inside the ritual to cure my depression after my boyfriend Earth's rape and murder, I used a crystal he gave me the last time I saw him alive.

Since the crystal had been in his pocket for over a year, it was a memory of his body's movements, his heartbeat, breath, laughter, ecstasy, but

also his sorrow, and I was immersed in the library of his transmission until it released me. You see, it was not the ritual that placed me in the past, it was the trauma, and the ritual gave me my present back.

Ritual is the collapsing of time, as Robert Desnos writes, “The living and the dead give in and wave to me.” To get time to “give in” as he says takes an extraordinary focus, and the only way toward that possibility is rooted in the present; anything else would be an implosion of the will to continue living. I believe in feeling because I believe in my body as the vessel where all my poetry lives. We have wasted entirely too much time in our culture, separating the mind from the body because the brain is part of the body. When we disconnect part of ourselves to privilege another, everything we do will be as incomplete as to how we see ourselves.

One of the graces of being queer in this lifetime is that we queers do not have a choice about affixing to our bodies. Thanks to the ever extreme fear many heterosexuals have of us, we are the walking reification of their own troubled, often hidden conversations about desire. We absorb that fear through their microaggressions, even the most subtle ones since we now know that as much as 80% of human communication is nonverbal. Let me say too that, while I am about feeling, I have no interest in nostalgia, that needs to be made very clear. I pine for no previously lived experience, only to be released to the present.

MT: Thank you for this framework, CA. I have found this extreme present when engaging in the rituals myself and teaching ritual making and doing. To think of the (Soma)tic ritual as a site where nostalgia does not root, should not root, is a very powerful thing you’ve got me thinking, now. So many of us working in poetry today came to it because of our belief that it can provide a place to re-see or remake the world; that poetry is that

place where being uncomfortable is comforting. The ways (Soma)tics make extremely present the mechanisms of the ways we are habituated to write is what makes them (for me, at least) so simultaneously uncomfortable and freeing. Students have often described the rituals which involve passersby or are done in public as exercises in brave connectivity. I often think about our practice of the rituals as moving from a place where your juxtapositions are uncomfortable or shocking, to a place where being uncomfortable becomes a sacred connection. How do you quantify or qualify a (Soma)tic participant's experience of shock through the unknown or uncommon in these rituals?

CC: *Cry With My Mister* is a new (Soma)tic poetry ritual in the planning stages, but the gist of it is to sit at a small table, possibly on a sidewalk near a traffic light, and invite people to cry, encourage them to talk about crying, or why I'm a faggot for crying, whatever needs to be said. We are arriving as a species at many crises at once. The United States is in multiple, perpetual wars, and everyone in this nation must agree with me that no one, not even the evening news, is talking about the wars. But the screams are still there, the changed lives, the suffering, the poisoned air and water, the destroyed families and communities, and we pay for this to happen when we pay our taxes. We have completely switched off all connection to what we do.

Did you see the new Hollywood film *Aquaman*? Everyone laughs when I ask this, but I did see it, and the plot is that Aquaman's brother is king of Atlantis and wants to punish the humans for polluting the oceans. His first act of vengeance is to vomit all the garbage onto the beaches. The rest of the film is Aquaman protecting the polluters. That is the plot! The reason this is not something to laugh at is that while this was in the theaters recently, Richard Thompson who is the head of the International Marine Litter Research Unit at the University of Plymouth in the UK estimates that the United States dumped 242 million pounds of plastic into the ocean in 2018 alone, and yes, that

is real. Whales are dying of gastric shock, and millions of creatures asphyxiating in our waste. If I were told we dumped 1 million pounds it would sound insane, but we dumped 242 million pounds, yet Aquaman's message out of Hollywood is "What!?"

My point is, the ancient technologies of poetry and ritual can reconnect us, or in some cases, connect us for the first time to the real horror of our deeds. What if the poems required action, what if there were poems where we are asked to read them while standing mere inches from one another? What if we let the disastrous present pour over us long enough to gasp to attention and walk as unsteady as we need until we walk with confidence together toward what we need to do, what we must do, what we have no choice but to do to save what is left of this disappearing natural world? *Cry With Me Mister* comes from an idea I had while on tour with my recent book *While Standing in Line for Death*. Several times on that tour when I would read from the poems resulting from the (Soma)tic poetry ritual that cured my depression after the murder of my boyfriend Earth, people said that it made them feel negative. When I would talk with them, it turned out they were accusing me of ruining their night out on the town. Was I being asked to write a positive poem about the rape and murder of this man I loved? Yes, I think that I was, but it helped me realize just how terrified we are of feeling death and ruin. We do not even possess the most rudimentary but essential emotional structure we need right now in our culture before we can manage to huddle together and figure out solutions. Let's mourn so we can find our new days ahead.

MT: *I cannot stop thinking about these poetry audiences that wanted positive poems. It's one thing to want a positive poem about an exciting new invention, but entirely another to expect poets to turn death and suffering into an inviting carnival. This is true with visual art, too. I am thinking the drawings my dad makes and his family not understanding why they were*

difficult to read, not understanding why an artist might choose to make work that is uncomfortable. And saying out loud: "Why can't these colors and these lines make us feel good?"

I know you understand this, CA. I know you go to poetry, like I do, because poetry is a site where we can connect to what is horrible; where we need not and should not, look away for the solutions. Your (Soma)tics can be, for even these reticent audiences, a geography of procedures that casts the world as a place that is already broken, but also as a place where our connecting with each other might offer other ways of being together.

Inside a (Soma)tic ritual we can see how our own selves inside our own lives behave like altars or shrines. With the sharpened perception your rituals set up we are given a new understanding of what is sacred. For me, the way the (soma)tics asks for surrender to a process not of my own choosing becomes a sacred ceremony I may not recognize if just "writing my own poetry" using my own ideas and my own processes.

How has your work with (Soma)tics informed your view of what is sacred in poetry?

CC: It is a very challenging time for many people, especially those who have not been paying close attention to the atrocities of our nation. I stopped cutting my hair on the third anniversary of the invasion of Iraq and have been performing a (Soma)tic ritual every morning where I look at the latest body count and measure the war dead by inches of hair before writing. My hair grows with the wars, grows with our numbing to the devastation, grows out of my head and down the side of my body to remind me of what I help destroy with my taxes.

When I talk about my experience with the rituals that does not mean that I am ever interested in saying how it should be experienced by

everyone else, when I say, “for me it is like this,” it is not to make my experience special, it is meant to make room for others to share their experience.

One of the worst or best relationships is between poets and visual artists. The worst relationships are when visual artists invite poets to write poems about their work. Ekphrastic poetry feels like indentured servitude on some level. I never blame the poets, and that is important to point out. It is the visual artists I go after, telling them that if they do not return the favor and make artwork which also speaks to the poet’s work, then it is a disgrace to both art and poetry.

The best relationship is when there is a true collaboration between poets and artists. (Soma)tic rituals are the perfect place to cultivate that relationship where the poet creates half the ritual, the artist the other half, and then we put it together to make a ritual that both parties do, resulting in both poetry and visual art. This process produces an experiential collaboration, and the conversation we are having when doing it this way is so much more exciting than having a poet write a poem about how brilliant the visual artist is! We need to talk with artists and let them know that their ekphrastic desires are a kind of abuse that needs to change.

(Soma)tic rituals are not just for poetry writing, in fact, I teach every fall semester at the Sandberg Art Institute in Amsterdam, and there are no poets in those classes. Last month I taught (Soma)tic workshops at TANZKONGRESS, the international dance conference in Dresden, and while there were some poets there, it was of course almost entirely dancers. Some of my absolute favorite collaborations are with dancers who make the conversation between flesh and spirit as clear as it can become. The drastic political and ecological breakdown of everything around us right now can have a more evident outcome

if we all embrace our creativity, and do so right now! Everyone alive is creative, and we need to all agree to this fact and imagine, build, and encourage the beautiful future we want!

MT: *Yes, I cannot stress enough how clear it is that embedded in each of these rituals is the room you make for others' experiences and reflections. One last question to get at tensions between the personal and the universal; the tradition and the individual talent; the lyric and the post-lyric; and how the "I" (whether authentic or constructed or ventriloquized or otherwise) feels like it is a part of not a part of this work.*

I wonder in what ways you find your (Soma)tics reflecting/approximating the way you, CA, are in the world. And how much do you find the (Soma)tics inspiring the way you want to be in the world? It's a weird question, I know, because I'm asking you to think about yourself, the (soma)tics and the world as distinct entities, when they might be indistinguishable from each other, unable to be delineated. It's a question that gets back to the first question in our conversation, about the (Soma)tics unique way of being simultaneously past (the ritual design), present (the ritual actions) and future (the ritual effects)?

CC: For me (Soma)tic poetry rituals have augmented my senses. That may sound grand to some people, but it is merely a fact. When we live a deliberately creative life, that way of living does not get allocated to "writing time," it can marry us fully to the experience of our days. One of my favorite quotes is from Annie Dillard saying, "How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives." It's her use of "of course" that is the fantastic trick to ask, "Hey, you realize life is happening right now, right?" All of this makes me think of Bronnie Ware, who spent much of her life working as a nurse. She saw many people die over the years, and she recorded their regrets. The top regret of the dying is, "I wish I'd had the courage to live a life true to myself, not

the life others expected of me.” The word “courage” feels vital in that sentence. Courage is something we can easily give one another to help to get us all genuinely living!

Our bodies are our private mobile laboratories! About 15 years ago, I created a (Soma)tic poetry ritual where I clenched my toes each time I was not being candid about how I was feeling throughout the day. For instance, if there was a child in the room and need to watch my language, or even being polite to someone who is kind of an asshole, that sort of thing, the daily self-censorship we do to ourselves to be able to live in the world and be productive. I was thinking about how our toes can clench of course, but they tend to do so when we consciously make them do it. What I wanted was to relocate the denial of my emotions into a physical part of me, and the toes carried this emotional weight alongside my physical weight. We privilege the brain so much in our culture that we forget that our toes are filled with millions of cells who live and communicate with one another.

On stage at Naropa, this summer, Joshua Clover said we need to abolish the poet. He reasoned that the poet is too ingrained in the system, and I understand what he was trying to get us on board with, but I still disagree and will never agree. When I think of all the things I have been asked to be ashamed of and to apologize for there is no way I am going to ever apologize for being a poet. At one point I said to Joshua, “You realize I’m not supposed to be here, right? I come from factory workers! Not only is poetry not a luxury, but it is also essential like all creative endeavors are essential!” I cannot believe some days that I get to be a poet when I think of where I came from and the factories I was expected to work in all my life. Poetry rescued me, and I am grateful and refuse to take it for granted. I am proud of being a poet. I will look anyone in the eye and say it and will do so until I die.

MEMORIES OF WHY I STOPPED BEING A MAN

CAConrad

for Jason Dodge

it's normal
if your cock
gets hard while
you are shooting
my uncle told me
on my first deer hunt
Pythagoras knew the music
of Jupiter and Mercury
long before NASA
but to begin again
no hero itching
at the door
that never-ending search for weakness in
neighbors siblings coworkers rival football teams
after seeing the open body of muscle and blood
we had horrible ideas about what to do with our lives
imagine how they gathered around the first
cannon ever fired sweaty excited rock hard
before he died Kalashnikov confessed
to suffering unbearable nightmares
surrender your nouns to my verbs
he said he said he said he said
my old man complains about raising money
for a dying woman because she survived and is happy
if he asks for his money back I hope she slaps the shit out of him
it's not nice to stand motionless by someone's
grave until they climb in
but we are in the USA
where 45,000 people were
victims of gun violence last year
if I want my nouns to die
or soil themselves
it's none of your fucking business
isn't that the way it goes around here
after a million years of dreaming the solution is still the same
hold me to your bruised song until it warms me right

900 CHOCOLATE HEARTS A MINUTE AT THE CANDY FACTORY

estimate number of
near-misses after
interrupting the
angel prying your
father's jaws apart
fashioned on tip of a fork
car horn at door to the birth canal
living section of dawn cooking inside the poet
today is the day we reject this vexing sell-by date worry
no guarantee we will cohere in our broken patch of garden
when you look at me you see
mostly water who will
one day hasten to
join a cloud
a thing I know for
certain is to cook
companionship into
food to taste and
become fellowship
eat a leaf with a hole
to share nourishment
with a future butterfly
you believe in sharing
at least you used to
I know you want
to shock me with
reports of enjoying
gloryholes and I can
act shocked to amuse
you yet I wonder if you
ever look up to the wall
thinking it will be his eyes

NO ONE HOLDING IT SHUT

he called me a morbid son of a bitch and
it gave me pause enjoying a love
song written by a woman who
died one day despite her
intimate care for the
world around her
may our levees hold
may our strength return
a meow avowing a roar
there has been no one
since he died who can
be there in my chest
lift into the morning
believe in love again
someone told me not to write about
love which is a conversation we can have
after I am finished writing this love poem
holding a fist of wheat in the wind
a day to be as small as possible
following thoughts to their smells or
sit and listen for the archive to waken
my friend became a missionary to
meet women but I think he was
hiding his god from me that voice
who speaks to the memory of
his heart before its affliction
the night before moving I woke
then decided to go back to
sleep for one more dream in
the apartment where I loved him
when he was alive
actually and completely
real flesh with fingers pressing
glow in the dark stars and planets
above the bed and turning
to smile and join me
on the pillow

ENCIRCLING THIS DAY WITH CENTIPEDE COORDINATION

Dear Eileen have we sunk the shine
the maintenance man at this place
asked if I needed help relaxing tonight
HAHA I told him to throw my door
open whenever he wanted
and HE FUCKING DID IT
when men do as I say
it saves so much time
he prolonged a certain
mediation of reality a
day when my pronoun
choice is uppity cunt
I imagine 9 things
close my eyes until
they are connected
after moving around for
years I knew if I rested to lay
his filthy hand against my chest
little critter under my tires
roadkill changing to armadillos
tell a lie to steal time for this poem
some days there is no problem
and it is terrifying
let's not get used to that
let's stop believing that
my Capricorn horns digging
pits in the Earth a surplus of
pits to bury what may
not want to let go
cars feeding crows
coyotes and vultures
he asked if poetry
could possibly fulfill me
but it is the study of everything

THE WIZARD OF OZ PORTAL

A (SOMA)TIC POETRY RITUAL

CAConrad

There are a lot of dead people in my past, not just people who died of AIDS, but a large number of these beautiful souls did. I was searching for a way to contact them that was universal, and I do not mean through a kind of portal in the sense of organized religion, but something secular we had all shared or visited. There was no location I was certain everyone had visited, no restaurant or park or beach. Then I thought about *The Wizard of Oz* as the place all of us had visited at some point in our lives. Everyone I ever knew saw this film. I am calling this (Soma)tic ritual *The Wizard of Oz Portal*.

I have also been thinking a lot about hypogea in ancient Greece. Hypogea were circular burial chambers, and pregnant women would visit the remains of their dead ancestors to invite them to inhabit the bodies of their unborn babies. I hope I was a pregnant woman who performed this ritual in a past life. It sounds terrifying at first, seeing the bones of the dead, but it is exciting thinking of such an experience coursing through my electrical circuitry and nervous system, my blood pumping into the heart of my unborn child and ancestor simultaneously.

Do you remember the scene in the film where the wicked witch puts Dorothy into an opium-induced trance in the poppy field? It is an essential part of the story because after Dorothy is pulled out of the trance by the good witch Glenda she can finally see the solutions for the way out of fear and suffering. But when she is asleep in the poppies, this is when I freeze the frame, then sit across the room with binoculars, studying Dorothy while quietly invoking the name of a dead lover or friend.

After doing this recently I had a dream that I walked past a church and singing poured onto the street. When I walked inside the church it was filled with everyone I knew who had died of AIDS. They were fantastic and laughing and happy to see me and I was happy to see them. There has never been a dream as good as that one for me. Even my next best dream was only half as overwhelming with beauty, hugging and talking with these friends. If I could get pregnant, I would want to be in a hypogeum with these friends and lovers and invite them to visit the physicality of Earth again through the life of my baby. Without hesitation I would do it and write poems with my baby, a true collaboration. I do enjoy visiting *The Wizard of Oz Portal*. It is a way to be present for an examination of what parts of my life are beautiful because of each of these people and what each of them taught me. My life is what it is because of these people, and all of it, the horror and drama and being sick and me trying to convince everyone to come to macrobiotic cooking class with me.

OUT OF IT, THEN BACK IN IT AGAIN

Zachary Eller

I've been close to you several times.
I like your handwriting and the way that you talk.
I liked that thin white sweater you wore.
The gas leak made people sleep on the streets

and we missed it. Thank you turmeric, coffee
aspartame, taurine, excess water—
nothing I made, thought of, or asked for.
Build-ups of salt in your pores all agree:

you need more insects thriving within you
more of their filiform long antennae
searching for food in your excess tissue.
Outside a bus lights flash as we pass

dark structures, blankets of dusk in the window
hiding the rope of our suffering, lugging us
far from the vents in the sea whence we came:
hydrogen temples, sulphur and heat.

Streetcleaner whips up the sticks and the toys,
flushed in the wet, powdered chambers of storage.

THE CALL

Katherine Gaffney

Sundays I hear church bells through
my kitchen window. Tuesdays
it's sirens. Take a tuning fork to my porcelain
sink, re-sing the note for you. Most nights
I hear my name. Call to tell you, to ask,
but you say it must have been the wind.
Each time I call I drop a whole herring
down my throat, harbor salt in my jaws'
hinges, working to equate you with salt
or better yet with summer lightning.

KIDS AT SCHOOL ARE AFRAID OF ME & I BEGIN SLEEPING OUTDOORS

Brandi George

On the school bus
“hey bitch”

I spray a boy
in the eyes with hairspray

fool me once shame on you
fool me twice I'll kill you

on the school bus again
“hey bitch”

I bash the boy's head into the window once
for every letter

my mother makes me apologize
to him in front of his parents

but at home she high-fives me
in the hallway at school

they name me Crazy Eight
It hiss & whisper

bitch may your family asphyxiate

*

Now when I look into my powder compact
I see a skull with hollow eyes

my hand becomes the hand of Death my neck
a web of sinews & I wonder why

my lame existence is unbearable
I duck beneath the bleachers into a fable

Blight of
Insolent
Toxic
Complacent
Heifers

*

My love affair is growing dark
Manic Night demands I understand

the bright blue dendrites of a swooping lark
the palmistry of rocks the reprimand

of snails meanwhile I think I'm losing it
I want the Night to feel my suffering

while visions tease at the fabric
of no-sleep the daylight frays

our love is strained She acts like She's above
me She's callous to humanity

we are doomed to be
apart time-bound & timeless flesh & air

but pierced by Eros Eros Eros' arrows

*

At my earth father's for the weekend
at the Church of Christ
I refuse to take communion

pariah famous badgrrl sorry dad
Mycelium Empress of Darkness says
god is dead & no one cares

*

Back at my mother's I sneak out
& walk to the cemetery
Mycelium Empress of Darkness makes me over

when I rise from the dirt
when I rise from the ashes
when I rise from the grass

my hair is frizzy
my lips are black
my earrings are daggers

& one of my boots is missing

*

The Night bat-spun pricks my diamond eye
all time collapses glaciers draw back melting

onto the burgeoning isle the greening land
reveals an ancient fish he's spiked & round

with soft-pink snapping jaws alive! alive!
then all at once he's fossil brown & bound

again to age I see an ancient hive
the bees' with buzzing yellow wonder then

it's dark the ground begins to fissure cracks
are bleeding toxic sludge florescent ponds

burn through land & poison rivers lakes
expose whales' pallid bellies spines

of salmon hills dissolving into flies

*

The grass trees pavement headstones cars
want me for a soldier they

kill me & replace my spine with music
in my bedroom this time

I channel my fire into a hunting knife
which I use to cut my leg

& then smear the blood across my face
Death is with me always

I drag my bedspread outside
sleep with arms flung open

all around my comrades
ants moths cockroaches caterpillars constellations

I STEAL BOOKS OF PHILOSOPHY FROM THE OVID LIBRARY & RARELY GO TO SCHOOL

Junior year of high school
can't breathe can't breathe the crows

grow into claws still can't sleep
I'm an agent of Death minion of Death

everything I touch withers
my dark-skinned grandmother calls my white skin

peaches & cream says it makes me
limitless my eyes hands trap & kill

she says eternal life is wishful thinking the dead are dead
but shells cut through my feet like glass

*

I dream I'm the lonely last
pure unicorn my shining coat of white

is destined for the waves but I'm fading fast
my human body can't hold the light

of Fungi cracks my mind into
a forest lush with ivy passionflower

entwined with mosses moody hemlocks blue
tall waterfalls with salmon lavender

for miles so many blooms a flower show
or funeral yet the scarlet bull snorts & pins

me down with eyes like cameras mirrors
 shadows begin to pull me toward the ocean

I struggle in the red tide while gray clouds rain
when I finally escape one hoof is stained

*

Reading Baudrillard all night I fake sick
stay home from school for the tenth time

what is the “desert of the real”? a third
order simulacrum means that Disney

is real magic hyper-real divorced
from matter but does it really matter really?

the matrix closes in sometimes time times
me now eleven Luna moths crash

in through the ceiling beauty stopping time
there's no such thing as authenticity

& art no longer mirrors nature mimetic
because all nature is a construct

my breath grows shallow
Clare Danes reaches

inside my translucent chest & squeezes
out the sickness

there isn't enough space
inside me I crave emptiness

gateways between organs blood highways
eleven gates to infinity

*

The wind the sound it makes
 could kill me while

the grass' raspy breath shakes me awake
this mournful churning merciless & wild

flings rivers carves mountains into snakes
its atoms whisper into leaves I can't

decipher truth & maybe this seduction
unravels meaning like an ancient chant

unspools the body neither speech nor song
my arms flex when I tilt my head the matrices

of space slide down my throat my eyes reflect
the Dark Lady Stella Laura Beatrice

then Shakespeare Sidney Petrarch
Dante I suspect

eternity is Kurt Cobain shouting
how he really feels the angels laughing

*

Again I will myself into a unicorn
from happy forests wise a friend then *en masse*

whalers screech my scarlet hoof poisons
the beach sickness spreads

I'm standing on the sand & in the distance
 neon Forestland

THE TRICK IS LEARNING HOW TO PLAY THE HARP

Noah Gershman

Jesus gave us the airplane and man was amazed.
He circled the field, flying high on déjà vu
as though returning from the crusades—
a druid in a plane in gray robes laughing.
And we were told magic didn't exist.

A super-computer is five times less likely to sprout results
than a group of people who sit around and pray.
The invisible hands of grace are just lethal
at pulling together a mailing list.

Purpose is a cinema you live inside,
a corpse to lug around,
three cycles of rigorous yoga,
a radio play typed by monkeys accidentally.

Babies fall into time
and expand to become a collection of bones.
Hunger reaches out and swallows herds of debutantes.

And *He* appears at the wedding,
chicken nuggets stuffed in his jacket, selling host
to everyone interested in eternal life.

THE CREAKING SOUND A MOUNTAIN MAKES BEFORE TIPPING OVER TO LEVEL A TOWN

Katiana was lifted out of the snow,
out of the snow and onto the gurney
we'd made out of sticks.
It wasn't an Ice Age, but it was cold enough to suck.
Peter's tears dribbled one-by-one onto the slush.
People began bobbing out of the pavilion.
Her body wore a golden amulet
like the one the Pharaoh's daughter wore.
She remained in mittens.
On a scale the occasion may've weighed a thousand pounds.
They say porpoises are birds who didn't make the callback.
That time's a weed which never quits growing.
The hand is a hideous flower.
The moon, a petri dish of ghosts.

NIRVANA SHAWNA

She insisted it was,
but still I didn't see it as a curse.
I clung to my provinces.
She told me a story that went like this:

"Twenty-five hundred years ago,
a famous king became contemplative
and abandoned his beautiful truth.
He went to Japan and sat.
He did not believe. He did not speculate.
He spoke static
and read the grasses like a magazine.

When one falls in love, one must go running
to the furthest place one can."

What we did was go out to the parking lot and stand.
I had stitched her initials to the tags on my socks.

She said, "A monk should never go near a woman."
I said, "Not affording this restaurant doesn't make me a monk."
My clammy hand clamped her totebag.

"He found more space in detachment
than in all his hundred houses."

I think she'd mistaken me for somebody else.

MAGIC

Marguerite Harrold

There are roustabouts who say I am Black
Who see only see Black despite my other attributes
Green of the forests and its food no proof

They watch fruit swing strangely from trees
They use women as kindling

Or a hole to jump into
A face A place A fetish

A talisman to hang around the neck
A token or traveler's tale

Some see me as Fairies' foiled plots
They pick nick and scrape up against which
Ever: A wish A dare A Halloween scare

Some see Black as mysterious and wicked
Say they want to learn the nature of darkness
See Black as cruel and heartless

Next time you pass a tree
Stop Touch it And believe

Back to me
I am Black
And I am free

CLOUD BUSTING

I used to watch Kate Bush videos 'til 3 o'clock in the morning
Lost in her layers of scientist and screeching banshees

Pretending to practice for college
Planning how to work with little sleep and wake up easily
Waiting until the blue din under the door to their bedroom went out
And he made his last trip to the garage to call one of his mistresses

And toke a final joint

There was a warm thick funk to his smeared cologne
Something that lasted until I blew my nose out or sniffed
my sleeve
So even if I dosed a little I could feel the heat of him coming

I still dream
I wake up crying

*

I never really have a boyfriend
I make men up when we meet

I take the things they tell and repeat each syllable
Until it sounds like what I've always dreamed of

And you're just in reach

*

I fuck everyone I meet in my sleep
My morality keeps me from actually touching anyone

When you and sleep escape me

*

I know how easy it is to do evil
How maneuvers can manifest into comfort
How memory can leak through dreams and disappear

What made it special made it dangerous

*

I still dream of organizing hell someday
Teaching everyone how to make rain

Oh, god daddy, I won't forget

**Lines from the song "Cloudbusting" by Kate Bush*

YOUNGBLOOD

Something in these horns owns what's missing
A sunburst through my skull
Loose candy on the counter
Stray dialogue
Cold wet nose pressed against the brass

This music man makes his move
As a melancholy we
As longing that comes from distance
Song of a mosquito
Made a meal and was gone

Then the snare drum screams *Try not to love me*
A ripping of dreams
A staccato of sticks A-rat-ta-tat-tat-tuh

Rippling branches run amuck
And I am the limbs left off

Pining

We a whole forest of failing
A disobedient evergreen
 Soft drooping needles that loose in the Fall
A rosette shaped cone
 A Larch

Every we a note made new
 Are we
Becoming

 A tree as yet unnamed
 A pale fuzzy-backed leaf
Crumbling in my anxious hand

I KNOW EXACTLY

James Haug

I know exactly where I'm going. Still I must work hard at being convinced, without showing the hard work. Before I was married, everyone said being married was hard work. They don't say that to me any more. I know exactly what I won't tell you. I won't say it's hard work. Who wants to say that? There's a town of hard working people, a hard working town, organically weighted on the side of cheer, as William James says, and I don't plan on stopping there.

ATTEMPTED NOVEL

First, it was a clearing where we didn't know anyone. Then it was a field of tall buildings next to a prairie. The prairie didn't exist either, the prairie with alleyways of corn. In a dark corner of the prairie a city had sprung up. We'd come to the city by accident, because what we needed was not in the field we'd been living in. We invented the life that drove us there. If we think train tracks, we see a tunnel. If we think summer, we see a large clock, mounted outside the public library, where readers come after long miles crossing the prairie.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL

Kathleen Heil

I've been listening to George McCrae sing on
repeat sometimes the breeze of want is enough, my feet
caressed by a man I barely know and maybe won't never

ever ever ever. We would like to thank the concerned parties
for their concerned partying. The guillotine was a gag, promise, though
practice what you will beneath the foam blade if you insist

on showing off. In the glass box, the billionaireess sat in silk, smiling
we perfected our torches in the mirror
feeling good about ourselves. It was not my intention to burn your what

I was meant to refect on this time,
the bonsai we agreed on pruning. It'll be perfect
tomorrow. That's what the shears are for. You

I PROMISE TO BE GOOD

for Elvira

if the MRI says the houseguest in her brain
is malevolent the chance of survival is
grim I want to hold her hand and invite
the guest in somewhere else not here not
this her smile always carries the promise
that life will be more beautiful or painful
look at the old glory of Naples this her
home the city a tumor that wants to be
light when it is finished with the dark

BUG FUNERAL, 1998

Victoria Hudson

I collect them from the yard at his apartment: dead
bees. Squashed centipedes. Earthworms fried

into s-shaped crisps. The butt of a stick digs a mass
grave. *From dust you come; to dust*

you shall return. I mound the dirt; encircle
it with little stones. My father asks what I've been

doing & I don't know how to answer; what I owe
him, in terms of pain; in terms of practice. I wash

my hands, carve crescents of dirt from under
my nails. I will lose the shape of him — the curve

of his forearms, the angle of his brow — but not
this moment, alone at the sink. The roar

of a football game. Buzz of fluorescence.
My own sun-pinked skin in the hollow light.

WATER IN THE BUILDING

Kirsten Ihns

the prophetess entered the temple dreaming of money
she left with money

i touch the back of your head and think
accipiter

sleep of dry gentleness

a surface grown diverse and iridescent

you can know
a built sense is intimate when it scintillates

like, is a lake
& recalls

the foreshot shadow's circling track i trace
by means of skin, while you sleep
neat as a cat—it was a plane
in the dream it is just
a frame to make contact
when the camera in the hall
goes tat
a-tat—& sweeps
the eye
up in its pan

repeatingly—

i make the house clean as a house
and free of circulation and though
i scarcely recognize myself i could make a basket
put things in it
like shoes

SUPER FIRE DIAMOND II

every thing now
and then
surrounds bring me
back
war hair, Madonna magical
noninflection, and a play
whelk

i separate the animal from its images
into hairs
and have mercy upon them
and
speaking, addressed, and absent in my towel
i was an allergic bump between the modes
/you may call me Mister Noon
and when the microwave says what to want
i shall throw it away—

whereas his curing lamp was like
a wide bird
where god was an idea of creatures
to lacerate the swamp when it sizzled and
bundled
or a lawless crawdad biscuit
hug without my smell

CONVERSATION ON A FIRE ESCAPE

Hannah Jansen

Because I had no one to talk to I talked to the bare tree that rose out of a patch of dirt
between a construction site & me I was a construction site, too The tree must

have felt very solid & sturdy & I did very much admire the tree, as did many others
Birds lingered Sun looked great on it (though it wore everything well) The tree

was not smoking a cigarette but might have been I was talking about the end
of love, or a love, I ventured, leaning toward the tree, that had taken another form

Love does that, right? I asked the tree, wanting affirmation, but the tree was silent,
didn't seem to be a very good conversationalist I mean, I went on, I like to think

love that doesn't die goes to the station & gets on a train & goes on vacation forever
If it can get over the strangeness (of assuming another life), since its existence

is a miracle a feat It must be the saddest retreat! The tree listened patiently
as I filled the spring air with vacations & uncertainty We could have been at sea

We could have been the last two living when I noticed my companion
had sprouted a thousand green & glistening earrings, I stopped babbling

for the shock of it Their suddenness put a hush to me, & the tree let out a sigh,
as if it had been waiting for a long time, said, Sorry, what was your question?



Fig. 7.

THE GHOST ILLUSION, FROM JEAN EUGÈNE ROBERT-HOUDIN'S THE SECRETS OF STAGE CONJURING. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY DIGITAL COLLECTIONS. 1881.

BODY OF EVIDENCE

Hanae Jonas

The flesh that remained untouched. A primal rustling
reported in the distance but no one approaching care's perimeter.
Yet night's fluky twist into a corona of rumors they made me wear. They,
the proverbial jury—out—the little neighborhood
hanging a cloud. Upon the glass spangling the snow from the back door
down to the yard. Obvious injury
to the premise but no bruise. Like I told you, no touch at all—
Whereas the mattress stolen mid-use, thrown
against the bedroom wall. His scent
of hot yeast all day long, my head cut loose to the sky.
How I too could explain
the mammal urge
to move things to the ground. Not violence
exactly: a drastic way of being on the earth: his curse.

Whereas I sailed the nightmare-room on a mattress dosed with panic.

No witness around for the rapid unquilting, least of all the lying self.

Whose bony recall of gliding through the air: striking it out.

IMAGINING A FOREST BY THE SEA

I can't get out of the house
when the town is like this:
symmetrical shrubs carelessly rolling
propriety around.
To love my near future is to trust
bright vernacular,
but trust sounds braver coming from any mouth
but mine. Daily
guided imagery: switching suicide
for mundanity:
now the border of what is possible
sleeps further from me yet—
Flat out in the margins. A three-card-spread ending
with Oppression.
Have I reached the periphery of my survival

on romantic sweep?

The lush undergrowth of his care
proportional to the exit of urgent images
which once I spilled freely,
excess trash around town.

I am not special, not even
very psychic.

Just shutting my eyes
for long periods of time.

FROM QUIET ORIENT RIOT

Nathalie Khankan

inside an ovulation & a centennial population policy my mother calls with dream |
we were in the same house | why didn't i see you | it's A MORNING MELTING &
LIDDED | inside the garden everything is devoid of demise | kindly made walnuts |
outside an occupied city | something has already been | all life may be deserved |
land may be severed | severe & saved | upon this land there is that which deserves |
shalom machsom | words of hebrew i knew were so few

"upon this land there is that which deserves.." echoes the opening line of Mahmoud Darwish's 1986 poem على هذه الرض [there's on this land what's worth living]. The line "we are all equally close to the good place" recalls the title of Adania Shibli's 2004 novella كلنا بعيد بذات المقدار عن الحب [we are all equally far from love].

in your imagination this tract of land is big with eyes glassy | this land fits neatly
into other pockets of land | one time into belgium | two times & more into togo |
this land is coming home | messy & the way HUMAN RIGHTS WORK | belt of
orange & flower dusty thursday | siblings moving into childhood homes in
tulkaram & bir nabala | this land is things coming apart & some reunions | this land
is the understanding in which we work | it's consensus its folds | neatly into other
lands

the way it sounds it's maissoun coming for dinner | she always says that we should
stop holding our breath for justice | she says enjoy the little justices instead | those
teeth of hers are monumental | i've always wanted an ambrosial smile & subtle
glottal stops | from here you may proceed straight & only look back once | on the
corner by lambada video next to *kull shi shahi* A YOUNG ARAFAT GLINTS IN THE
AFTERNOON SUN | in it it feels like home & handsome patriotism | this is area A
& these margins are utterly regrettable

kristine writes *i'm in vallarum* | each roof is a roof of thatch each sleep a sleep
unadorned | we send fiery first maps & string | ramallah __ vallarum | we are both
alone & part of something sonorous | A NAME IS DOING HARD WORK in places
| what's a name supposed to do | i tell kristine what's afoot in significant territory
& she repeats what we already remember of finding | colors erupt & recline against
rocks & thyme | *vallarum* i say *it's closer now to the first rain* | *vallarum* i say *here*
comes an olive season & the end of euphemism | & every friday in this territory
another peppery breakfast by another salim

STREETS THAT NARROW on the other hand | it's a pool of hips | it's a picture of
three men standing up & coiling father | his hands empty & empty | there's no trace
of saccharine in the teas of gaza | strident gets us through twenty one days | we see
raw & wrapped truncated winds | to say i see country with some war | we meet & i
see you | your head piles in my lap like a geometric slab of gorgeous rock | the
quarries slimming around us | it's easy to wish away a winter of dying &
processing disorders

THE CAPACITY FOR HAPPINESS DESPITE VISUAL EVIDENCE IS GREAT | you have begun to worship what grows in the rubble | i dream of multiple sweet children in diffident t-shirts | count more than twenty impossibles | ahmad & his friend ask for the very young child | they take her to the islamic club next to that place where they sell baked eggs | a little justice: it's a world of boys & girls with noisy nokias | she's a lifted held by a world | on the fifth floor her eyes are closed now her hair thing yellow | the radio is along | we are all equally close to the good place

the deepest east & dead sea & saltings on the slim | we have some times too | i
wear my eye again | i see the pupil in ink | i walk this wide way & the heat | how
this is something | joy & one tyranny's smell | how dust peels | there is a child & a
chest of filial follicles | *if you move your legs that way habibi* | how this is
something | we have a roof & sufficient serotonin & all that's human | MY NERVE
ENDINGS ARE MATERIAL | *yes more like that*

DRESS POEM

Caroline Knox

So it was prom time, and my guy
zipped over and buttonholed me
as his date. You may gather
we are close. Crepe paper
galore adorned the gym; facing
the dance floor was the orchestra,
which we could skirt around.
Outside, couples took belts from flasks,
which in the circs seemed totally reasonable

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PINK SKY

Kevin Latimer

i am jotting down my sins on pink paper cranes.
i write them in pen. shameful things: i loved a man
once. my mother says, there is something wrong
with a boy who won't finish his dinner before his dessert.
i always give into temptation: the chocolate in the pantry,
this poem, me. i am alive or i am dead depending on my closeness
to the sun: too close & i bubble up; my skin bursting at the nerve-seams.
& it is here that i see the meaning of salvation: millions of us walking
in the desert, cranes cupped in our hands. then at once, we open them.
in the sky: something pink & orange & paper.

I WENT TO SEE A MOVIE ABOUT A QUEEN

Ella Longpre

I went to see a movie about a queen. So the queen has a “loyal opposition,” ha, I have hundreds, they

are all within. There are two women who want the queen’s favor, which is something separate from the

queen, though it emanates from the queen’s body, which they shower with pleasure. I wonder what it

means that we often want something without wanting to consider its source, and what are the ethics of

taking something from its source. This is the stuff of fables. In the film it is ethical to want the thing

and its source, but not to want the thing without wanting its source, even if your behavior is the same

as someone who does want the source. And so wanting, though it has no shape or material output, is

often required of us, but more often, it is illicit. It reminds me of having a tongue.

I WATCHED A MOVIE OVER THE COURSE OF TWO DAYS

I watched a movie over the course of two days, a movie that takes place over the course of one day. I

stopped it at odd intervals. A woman walking over overgrown train tracks, the silence of a conversation

behind rain on glass, a room that is a reflection. Stopping the movie in this way allowed me to spend

more time with the small hairs that seemed to often be caught on the lens of the camera. I noticed the

first about thirty minutes in. It was magnetic, it was dense. They kept appearing. I thought, the camera

wasn't cleaned, I thought, I am inside an eye, I thought, I am following this woman who has been

walking the whole film, watching, hardly speaking, she has been walking now for days.

I WATCHED A MOVIE ABOUT A WITCH

I watched a movie about a witch who drinks the blood of animals and children while I drank wine

from an amber goblet. I put it on again the next day but only listened to it, the boy child sounded like

someone else. Then I put it on again, on silent, I could see the flies in the lens. At the same time I put

on a modern movie about angels on the same screen, also on silent. A forest against a city set in a

different century. The girl is both angels at once, the mystic and the modern, a witch without knowing,

she is called. The screen reflects her insides. She lays an egg in a library, she is growing to want and be

wanted. One angel loves all of modernity and its source, modern men, he wants and wants, the other

doesn't want it, in the sequel, he downfalls. The girl is wanted, her body is the site of pleasure, she falls

out of the favor of her mother and of god. An angel smells an elderly man, a husband smells a wife.

ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE ANIMAL WITHOUT ITS SKIN

Sarah Mangold

On the appearance of the animal without its skin

she braced against the inequalities of the bark and drew

herself up among branches The giving of names

to individuals involves an act of will

Wife, Mother, Householder

Film, Flashlight, Telephoto lens

She holds a well-accredited and happy record

BUT THIS IS BECOMING A FEMININE CHAPTER

But this is becoming a feminine chapter

Romantic by right of love appropriation and appreciation

She describes her errand into wilderness

in language how to ride, how to dress for it, how to shoot,

How to woman-who-goes-hunting-with-her-husband

by the possessive voice a western abbreviation

in great favor typical affectations

of the hunter hero autobiography

I am still a woman and may be tender Hundred dangers

seemed made to annihilate me

FROM FREAKOPHONE WORLD

Madison McCartha

*

i am hiding in a protest
of embryonic fluid when

this rando Dodge Charger
penetrates our black goo

punishing itself & not
for the first time

my head floats off

where i am not dead
sprouting these pappus fronds

you didn't know

but i've already forgiven you

in a blackened twist
of superfluid you look into

lowly pupil

dilating like a sphincter

forgives like
my heron-body lifts its neck

to the mosquito-haze-squint of this morning
& forever

i take my oily forgiveness cloud for a walk

behind my eyes the bridge-man in a plastic parka
hunches so his skin-folds droop-droop
i spit my oily rain
straight from the sky's larynx

but he is one who is all fold & no hole

if i look long enough it'll be you

falling in love with the world

because the rosematter sears into the forehead

this translucent chub-chub poking through
my spook-smear spook-scape

your hair stands-up on

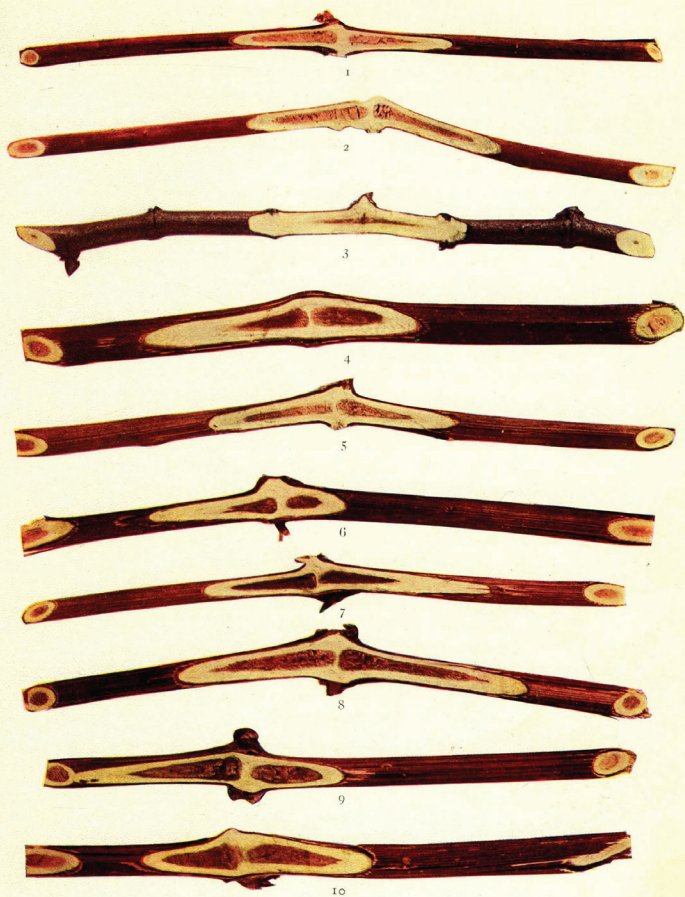
when the shimmershimmer flap of everything breaks
my million hydrophobic heads

twinkle at the threshold of the infra-spook

i bet you think

THE GRAPES OF NEW YORK (1908)

*Report of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station For
the Year 1907, Part II*



1. *V. bicolor*
2. *V. cordifolia*
3. *V. rotundifolia*
4. *V. doaniana*
5. *V. longii*

6. *V. labrusca*
7. *V. rupestris*
8. *V. riparia*
9. *V. vinifera*
10. *V. aestivalis*

CANES OF SPECIES OF VITIS



SEEDS OF SPECIES OF VITIS

[NATURAL SIZE AND ENLARGED]



FLOWERS OF VITIS



BRILLIANT



BACCHUS

GRAVITY GAVE UP ON ME & I FORGOT

Robert McKay

love. I forgot love. I forgot salt fruit & the stars' gunfire.
I forgot real bodies with imaginary suns & lakes
set in them like grafted gems.

I forgot love. I forgot the restless eyes & skin of horses
I forgot wheat which is grass which is the body.
I forgot soil's pure liquor of death.

I forgot sap soul of sunlight I forgot houses drinking
thru their transparent mouths. I forgot bodies of water
& trees lying in trees' reflections' arms.

I forgot the high-ceilinged rooms of sunlight
& the leaning rooms of shadow. I forgot song which is mud compressed
by continents of time into stone.

Into stone & genetic code. I forgot love which keeps time
keeps time then rips time to shreds & starts licking
what's underneath—

Salt continuous contusions of moonlight
laid on the soil.
Climb thru a whisper-whipped canopy of kisses

pursue me till I fall
exhausted in sky's
red morass.

Gravity rinses me.
I remember I remember gravity slits me & I become
love's unfolding eruption love's riot bouquet,

love's blooming blood fractals love's inside-out smoke
love's threshed flesh papers
proving name & origin—

I remember love & the clearings thru which
love drains, wasting millions of hours;
love's bootless armies love's stoveless tenements;

love's fleet of taxicabs of cockroaches of shit scarabs
stuffed with gold gears; love's factories, love's wharves;
I remember love's bars, love's smouldering ashtrays

& sunsets; love's blades of shadow
love's brass-plated nights under sodium & neon—
hotter & brighter than noon.

ISLAND

Stapled to the neck of the storm / Archer on the beach—Destroyer
la grand-lêche hystérique de la mer—Césaire

Light striated

recede & suck

word buckled to the light

Stone mouth sealed

to a world's

blue dissolve

smoke vector bend away

from earth

Slatted shack nailed

up at the edge

Flag-pole staple:

blood margin

reptile body

shell-world

corpse-continent

Sea's tongue's blue flame:

lick blood from a soil's ripped hem

(a prehistoric vigor revs the veins)

NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT RESURRECTION.

Jory Mickelson

There is a door, let's call the door
the sun & when I lay down
like grass at midday I know
only light. As an unrestfullness

on still water only knows
how to extend, so too did
whatever was within finger
its way to the end of the blades

of grass & step into
the air as a thistle might
or down or the crude paper
lamp & candle we are calling...

a soul? I was lain down
on the earth and the light
shone through me as if
I was nothing more

than empty frame, clear
pane of nothing. The grass
beneath my body, the sun

and this is insufficient & also
all I know, how imperfect
the body of language.

LOVE POEM

After I dress carefully
for dinner at the Four Dragons

after I arrive at your apartment, and you
answer drunk saying, let's stay in

after meeting Tico, your Chihuahua and opening
and closing the door to your empty, well-lit fridge

after sipping a glass of tap water, making small talk,
and you put on hazy house music, pull me up to dance

after you undo two buttons of my red shirt and begin to kiss,
letting me wear the bloom of whisky like a necklace

after we shed our clothes and you string your tan line across
the cool green sheets and roll the condom on

after you work two fingers roughly into me then
start to fuck in long strokes with a small grinding at the end

after you flip me facedown and each thrust makes me squeeze
my eyes shut, I ask you to be careful but not to stop

after I ask you to stop and you fuck me harder and I reach
behind me to stall your hips from their little grinding at the end

after I say stop it, fucking stop and you take my wrists
into your hands and I try kicking you with my feet

after you whisper it's alright, it's fine and I hear something
inside of me crack like eggshell

after one of us knocks a lamp from the nightstand,
the bedroom goes dim like my favorite scene Wait Until Dark

where the only illumination comes from inside
the fridge, then even it goes out

after I realize that you aren't moving anymore, but still
breathing slowly, I make my way into your bathroom,

after I find the condom broken in the red
water of the toilet's bowl

after I drive myself home in my dirty Tercel,
its wipers clearing the rain, saying you knew better, you did

it was then, five days later, when you come into the restaurant
where I wait tables, giving me your big smile

while I say thank you and is there anything else
I can do and all I can do is stare

at your bruised jaw, at the tenderness of your face.

MEDIUM

Patty Nash

this is as
if I were a
sideways windmill

blade in the avenue
walking carrying
an ironing board

(which I am)
my turbine
my torso,

my blade
my arms as they
grip the clothed

exterior.
Do you see me?
Moving

forward sideways
and snapping like a
crab.

COMPLICATIONS WITH THE WI-FI

Corey Oglesby

In the end the motel eats us

but right now I'm busy in room III
stabbing the little white flag of my attention
into continents as I discover them
in indentations along the the faux stucco ceiling.

Founding new countries,
giving them names.

For instance,
I am the President of Coreyerica,
where it's always warm
due to its proximity to the lighting fixture

and the people are happy enough
to forget they are upside down.

Through the wall I can hear
an elderly woman dismantling her dentures
with a bank pen—

peeling away the wire,
thumbing the teeth clean,
and loading them one by one
into the yawning magazine of a Glock.

A businessman on the other side
is stacking furniture against the door,
a necktie wrapped around his fist—

now, it seems a sofa bed
won't quite close around him
(you can hear the springs trying).

I should be getting ready, too.

The air conditioning has gone warm—

Do Not Disturb signs swaying in the emptiness,
tapping the metal locks
like the beginning of rain—

a bead of shadow
sliding back and forth along an abacus
of purple light beneath my door

and above me, children laughing, running
into each other, tumbling down—

the country I've imagined
trembling beneath them

and all the tiny people falling off into the sky.

OF SMALL SPACES

Sara Lupita Olivares

glass eye
 of a crow
salt-grasses
wave by
 to instead
remain lost
 what washes up
explains survival
a note
 removed
from the forest empty
 elsewhere
smoke stacks over town
 movement as a means
of obscuring
white field
 of roses
children in
a line
 how forage
diminishes form as
 observer the crow
avoids its
dead rerouting
 paths of hunger in
avoidance again and again
 held in
place
even when
 remaining still

HE KEPT MOVING AND MISSED THE MOVEMENT

Joshua Pollock

Sometimes a vessel collecting early light trickling out the curtain-crack
Sometimes he is a

morning-ruining cellphone extravaganza Sometimes he is a

dark-eyed junco flitting around a bush Sometimes he is a

mottled carpet of magnolia petals softening the sidewalk Sometimes
he is a

static-colored blanket heaped wet in a doorway Sometimes he is the

whine and rumble of a freight train gathering speed Sometimes he is

bubbling lipflesh blistering and burnt on a hot glass bulb Sometimes he
is one

of the boarded-up windows lining the historic downtown drag
Sometimes he is the

still-rotating tire on an overturned car under a late-night streetlight
Sometimes he is a

shady figure that wanders into and out of the frame Sometimes he

smiles white and shakes hands for the camera Sometimes he is the
black sack pulled over a fallen face Sometimes he is a
shocking orange jumpsuit the uniform of bare life Sometimes he is a
pair of parallel lines cutting cloud-tracks across the sky Sometimes he is so
terrified that time congeals and constricts sometimes He blurs
into a shifting circle of helicopter blades Sometimes he is
two airplanes shattering the symbols of global capital Sometimes he is
rewound and replayed again Sometimes he is the
scent of a thousand cherry blossoms blooming down the block
Sometimes he
ambushes two pigs as they saunter through a restaurant parking lot Sometimes
he is the
catastrophic cloud of dust and particles darkening everything Sometimes he is
paint evaporating off an old house in black and white film sometimes He is
she is ze is x is they Sometimes he is
rising birdsong just before sleep comes Sometimes he is a
wall of screens playing dozens of different security feeds Sometimes he is an

overdraft fee levied by an algorithmic bank Sometimes he is the
pair of pantyhose smushing the face that makes a massive withdrawal
Sometimes he is
horsetail bursting through tarmac or asphalt
sometimes
he is a hole cut out of chainlink—a threshold

A CLEAR BLUE SKY IS A LIE OF OMISSION

Alison Prine

She has learned that it is as dangerous to say yes
as it is to say no. The girls at the party are made
of wariness and whispers and shards of shattered glass.
See how they glitter and shine. Every girl perceives
a hundred words for silence that can't be said.
She can sense a fissure beneath the praise and invitations.
Pink is a girl color because of how the girls hold words
behind their teeth with their strong pink tongues.

GREEN

the sun never seemed to rise or set
in our suburb south of Pittsburgh
the grey just thickened into dusk
then each day would divorce the next

after my siblings moved away
I would stare out my bedroom window
and watch the occasional red lights of emergency vehicles
flash against the pale night sky

my stepmother gave me clippings from a spider plant
and then a philodendron, a small ficus
and a magical sensitive plant with leaves
that would fold inward and drop down when touched

she spent her hazy afternoons
with poison ivy blistered hands deep in the soil
making beds along our driveway thick with day lilies and iris
and under the oak where the ferns and the primrose grew

when I first came back after leaving home
all the plants in my bedroom had lain down in my absence
this was how I learned
the past tense of green

LIST OF LISTS

list of the songs I never
retrieved from old devices after they died

list of people I once loved enough
to make a mix tape for

list of objects I can't let go because they remind me
of those who are no longer in my life

list of birds identified while standing
in a mosquito infested swamp with my father

list of times, like now, when I couldn't make art
but could make lists

list of experiences that felt exhilarating
but did not improve my condition

list of experiences that improved my condition
but didn't feel good

list of stories people have told me
that they never told anyone else

list of techniques I have learned
for carrying these stories inside me

list of horrible things that have not
happened to me but that I imagine in detail

list of horrible things that have
but that I try not to think of at all

list of lists my father kept
list of all my antidotes for grief

ENDINGS

they never happen
sometimes an interruption, but not a stop

passing, stepping off, lining up
in the boarding area

but never departing
only entering the sky

such a long, long life
without an endpoint

yes, we are still
lying there on that mattress

on the floor in the dirty
Philadelphia heat

having that argument that
cannot land, just circles

as we stare up at the
water-stained ceiling

disappearance is not
the equivalent

of dissolution
how close we get

to those who need us
after they die

Ño

Leslie Sainz

Para los balseros

There is no country
where the dead don't float.
Men and children going,
having gone, lungwet
across thickened water.
Be it the body to know
what's missing. To call
back the colors. At sea
the stomach is a bugle,
although I've heard it
called a scream.
Oil drums headless
as monarchs, styrofoam
on the knees. Said of
a thing: under or over.
Here or there.
The orchids are lovely
this time of year
and the women, writing.
What covers the land
and is the land— _

much in us still.

POST OP

Christopher Salerno

A man I know receives ten bees
by mail each week.
His wife takes one by one
by the wings, lets them sting him
along the spine to raise
his body's total immune response.
How like a weed he must seem
to those bees, giving only a drop
of his sour blood back.
For months my mother had to turn
a tiny key to widen
the plastic palate glued
to the roof of my middle school mouth,
the year I told her I was ready
to raise myself. But when I woke
in the hospital after one more operation,
my stitches fiendishly itchy,
I wondered what history costs the body,
and if all our previous minutes
are still in us, why not roll
up the skin, squeeze
out all the air to make room
for more? Once the gauze
was taken off, layer upon oniony layer
removed, I was carried outside
where the ornamental cherry trees

of the upper east side
bloomed, and city bees seeking
certain immediacies burrowed
into the mouths of those flowers
which trembled from the weight
of all that frantic work,
and I begged each bee to sting
its strongly worded missive
into me in my post-op opioid haze.

MEDITATIONS AT ONION CREEK

David Schaefer

You claim to have renounced the world,

yet here you are buying salsa.

The engine of progress sputters.

You go to the lost ritual wherein your throat

is slashed and out pour stacks of laundry.

It is uncommon that a baseball team like yours

makes it this far without the suspicion of wrongdoing.

How many days are there in September?

What kinds of frogs were they

that leapt down Enkidu's shorts?

In a neighboring poem the arctic sun beats through

the shade like the drunkard that it is,

but still you cannot say goodbye

in a language other than rebuses.

Once more, you're tasked with explaining
to the dental hygienist how the soul
is 180 proof and bottled at the mouth of the Danube,
but she is still waiting on word from
the *Edmund Fitzgerald*, and admittedly so are you.
Every afternoon the judge and jury
that meet around your recyclables deliberate politely.
One day soon, very soon,
they will come to you with a verdict.
Perhaps then the tusk that you've been sprouting
will finally shed its velvet,
and that basket of thorns that you take as your bed
will at last become the altar at which you offer
every last thing you've got.

FLOWERS, NIGHT, WIND, LOVE, DEATH, TAXES, MY '92 TERCEL, TREES, POEMS, ETC.

Sampson Starkweather

I had a theory every poem
could be called Night

and every poem essentially breaks
down to

I too feel alone

Not that I was wrong
but I also wanted wind from the stars
so I invented it

see? (But what are the stars
really made of)—
ahh poems before Google—night, right
maybe that's what I want

Night
enormous shadow of (only) god
 knows (what)

I'm wasted
off it
uh huh, star-drunk

I drink night
all night
consume
what consumes me
devouring the dark
like a black Pac-Man in space
until the light (responsibility)
does its inevitable
thing

all day
at my desk
I hiccup stars



Night = You

mathclassless

in the pines

an education

romantic shit

remember
that droplet of water
on your wrist

of course not
another muthafuckin' miracle

You draped in a sheet like a queen or ecto-remnant from a dream

You walking barefoot
into a body
of water
at dusk

You like nothing, like nothing
(before or after)
like nothing, exactly

You, full of possibility and potential
for love and understanding,
kinetic, holy, desire-saturated You
Vs
the infinitesimal embarrassment of the I

You in a landslide
(as sung by Stevie Nicks)
& the "I's" definitely don't have it

You
have to
close your eyes
to participate
in mystery

that's the job description anyway
they never list salary

just requirements—

red mud, an unlistening lord, a fugitive
kiss, the law, unraveling sky,
dreams of blood, underground birds, black salt, the double joy
of death, some songs kept like life's passport,
raw data of desire, algorithms of your love
& interstellar post-time management skills

*kill the I
and the body will die*

says here under other:
“fabricator of night” “sky describer”
“heavy-bag of loneliness” “hereafter architect”
and your state-sanctioned name is Blank—
great, just sign this paperwork
and you can start Tuesday

Love
After Maps

Never-ending Night

You You. You You



Where does the love go
with all these holes
in our bodies

never mind the heart

the aftermath
of a shotgun blast
in a STOP sign

nobody forsakes anymore
(have you noticed that)
smites maybe
sure the sun

I used to think of my poetics
as the never-ending noticing project
now I think that's just life

A form of care

Love
Maybe

always oscillating between radiance and crisis

no pills for this (shit)

with only thirst as our water

a nightstand but no night

poems on poems on poems
but no light



Sure I took acid and walked into the Atlantic Ocean with a tape
recorder tied around my neck

Sure I took my shoes & socks off at the Village Vanguard & slept inside
a French horn for a week

Sure I spent countless nights in the Carolina pines, parked in the woods
in the backseat of a '92 Tercel with the radio on, under a crude moon
like a drawing by a troubled child

“Nothing sacred, all things wild”

As if the honey blunt smoked itself
or the wind did

If the trees had names
for us
they wouldn't be nice

(thirst-drunk) (shame-shaped flower)
(money-murmuration)

Sure I mailed the IRS a copy of Lorca's poem "The Ballad Weeping"
with my W-2

Sure, there's a god inside us all you'd call
a bruise
but you'd be wrong

an actual flower
in the shape of your shame

go ahead give it a name

the sun the rain
gets in
relentless(ly), relentlessly
after all

we come
with these convenient holes

nameless thing

perfect flower

I pray to you through fucking
up

I'm pretty

devout

blooming

and about

to die



Wisp of cloud
how did you escape

Everyone keeps dying
like a lesson
I incessantly fail
to learn from
an honorary PhD
from the University of Death

Ain't no Instagram in heaven

I used to pray
kneeling by my bed at night
as ritual
now I pray during the day
and cry uncontrollably
at work, during commercials, not helping
the countless homeless people I pass
alone in the Dollar store
no citizen of
this city the seeing don't see

lost in a second unintentional architecture
and the dark fucked fuselage
of such a frail and drowned-out prayer

You want proof
of existence (a passport
of sorts)

how about proof
of unexistence

I'm trying
to create this
opposite proof

Unpoem

to live

to cause as little pain as possible

a vase

I am
my own poetics
flowering
despite my
self

meat

walking around

trying
to stay
alive

but why

If I could get in here
inside the poem
(which means you)
for you to hold
and touch and feel it
then I'd finally be through

the wind in the trees



FROM ABROMOWITZ-GROSSBERG

Michelle Taransky

**Fania Borach
Louis Borach
Effron Borgine
Natasha Braunstein
Josef Bromberger
Charles Buchinsky
Marty Buchwald
Iris Burstein
Alma Cohen
Henry Cohen
Howard Cohen
Harold Cohen
Ellen Cohen
Frances Cohen**

Who calls
The questions

The rights
The neighbor
Knows not to
Call because of the crying
Coming from the floor

This was not an easy story
But an important one

A voice cracking
In the middle
Of a story

When you are looking
You have trouble listening

This is a story about a narrator
In despair, this is about how
You might be his voice

My mother cannot
Survive this
There was another

Fire before this fire
Not defined—this is
A memory

That I stand by
Being ourselves
Being bereaved
Being

Each particular other
This time
We do not know after
We do it that we
Should not have done it

Who thinks
Like that
Our purpose
Is a miniature purpose

She was having a miscarriage then

But of course
We did not know it

As possible to be said
Or unsaid or undone
There is a Yiddish

Expression for this image in your head

To look at only the surface of the drawing

If I say I think of a daily violence
Do not ask me
What that means

It's not a sonnet
Don't say it is

Can we even get there
Through all the blanketing silence
It's not just a conversation about breath

Or not being able
To help my guilt

I suspect you wonder
How to be built for the resistance

Changing who
You are being

Found to control
Our differences
Determining who
We are changing
Into resistors
& I listened hard.

Religion takes care
Of mourning
Let's focus on the ritual
Where I am being
Brave enough

To call the library
The evidence

You left
Me here
To be lonely

"You," said Judy, said Judah
Said the jurors
Didn't know them

Juniper trees from jewels
From Jupiter's moons
Covered in dew, you know

It was the trial of joy
Said Julius, the duels, the June

Doomed to sound Jewish
The Jew becoming the jailor of our era
The dune

"You cruel you," howls Julie
The rule to be broken when
You have no way to

Control a humiliating
Love for the banker

Finally, the first doctor in the family

If “Jew will not replace us”

Then you, no Jew, will insist on a math

The Jew can accept

The duty of both the Jew

& another

Starring my dead grandmother

As

Fanny Brice

Lew Brice

Ernest Borgine

Natasha Lyonne

J. Edward Bromberg

Charles Bronson

Marty Balin

Iris Burton

Ray Danton

Rodney Dangerfield

Corey Allen

Howard Caine

Alma Cogan

Henry Corden

Howard Cosell

Hal Douglas

Mama Cass

Frances Faye

IMAGE, TEXT

DESIRE AND DIALECTICS, DRIFT AND DENSIFICATION: AN INTERVIEW WITH CATHERINE TAYLOR

Catherine Taylor is a writer, editor, and educator based in upstate New York. Together with the photographer Nicholas Muellner, she co-directs Image Text Ithaca, a low-residency MFA program at the intersection of writing and photography housed at Ithaca College. Since its first session in 2016, the program has boasted a remarkable group of teaching fellows, all hailing from a breadth of artistic practices and scholarly backgrounds. Here, for instance, are just a few of the past visiting writers: Renee Gladman, Lucy Ives, John Keene, Danielle Dutton, Tisa Bryant, Anna Moschovakis, Rosa Alcalá, and Claudia Rankine.

Catherine Taylor's own work is characterized by the combination of image and text: archival images in *Apart* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2012), a hybrid work of history, personal narrative, and political theory about apartheid-era South Africa; durational video and scrolling text in "War and the Weather" (*Seneca Review*, 2014); and staged photographs in *You, Me, and the Violence* (Mad Creek Books, 2017), which uses the figure of the puppet to consider drones and remote warfare.

We spoke about these and other works in August 2019, when Taylor was kind enough to receive my visit in the midst of a writing residency in the Catskills. We walked Moonhaw Road and discussed the changing nature of attention and reading practices in relation to forms of literature that combine image and text, and new technologies of dissemination—namely, the internet. The following conversation, which has been edited, began with Taylor’s essay, “Saetas,” published on *The Believer’s* website in December 2018. In characteristically incisive, lyrical prose, and using both image and video, the essay tracks a passage into middle age via the *zapateado* and *arranque*, the footwork and effusion, of Flamenco.

David Richardson: Reading “Saetas” sent me back into Roland Barthes’ *The Pleasure of the Text* and his notion of “drift reading”—moving in and out of the text, letting your readerly mind digress. Drift has become part of our reading lives in a new way—the infrastructure of drift reading has exploded with the internet. If every instance of reading in a book is an invitation to leave the text, to think or dream off the page, reading on the internet amplifies this experience tenfold, what with the chance to look up words, ideas, to get lost down different channels of information. “Saetas” does the exquisite work of orchestrating, facilitating, managing that kind of drift reading.

There’s a densifying quality to the essay—we go from a moment of personal history from your trip to Spain, to a YouTube video, and then a definition of some aspect of Flamenco, and it feels like it supports drift reading in a benevolent way. There is a different kind of readerly attention that a form like that of “Saetas” conducts.

Catherine Taylor: I love that it densifies for you; I like that the form—which I only controlled to a certain extent because of the constraints of *The Believer’s* platform—doesn’t lead you out. That is, it doesn’t

have links out. The videos are hosted there, you don't get taken to some place where you get tempted to watch every other instance of Antonio Gades dancing. I spent a year doing that. Maybe two years. But *you* don't need to, or maybe that's not the best thing for an essay to do for us, to send us out like that. That's not what I wanted this essay to do. I wanted readers to be led not from Gades to Gades, but from him to his friend, the Marxist poet Rafael Alberti and *his* work, him reminding us how the fascists ruled his country for a lifetime. Or from Gades' love for Pepa Flores, not to more clips, admittedly gorgeous, of her singing, but to Alain Badiou talking about the resonance between our struggle with difference in love and our commitment to political ideas. So, I'm glad you saw both the drift and the density.

It took me a really long time to write. I wrote many different versions of it and I had a kind of vision for it that I was never able to make real, which was—I'm going to keep this on the record even though I feel sort of proprietary about it—a book where you can have the text on one side and a still image from a video on the other, and you can put your phone on the image and the video will play. Or the reader can choose not to play it. So there'd be a version of that book that has no video, which is not the same but is possible to read without a device, and you know that there is video that you might want to see at another time, or maybe right then if you have your device with you. I wrote so many grants trying to get funding to make this invention. Nobody would foot it. But maybe somebody will now? I feel like it's not that hard!

DR: It seems totally plausible! The invention that “Saetas” made me want to make would be much harder to create.

CT: A time machine?

DR: Exactly, a fully immersive VR book that actually transported you to the past.

CT: Or a machine you strap on your body so you can actually dance like Gades, like a mechanized, Flamenco-dancing-robot-machine.

DR: Yes, reading as embodiment!

CT: What is your invention?

DR: It's a book that would host holograms, so you would turn the page and Gades would be doing his thing, and the text would be legible beneath it. It would live on a shelf but when you would open it up, it would do the fantastic work of popping to life, with a 3-D Gades dancing over the page.

CT: I feel like I've been trying to make that book forever. When I was a graduate student, I taught one of the very first electronic literature courses. It was in 1994 at Duke. I taught a hypertext and digital literature class when the form was just emerging. My students were teaching me—there were several of them who were computer science students. Even back then, I really wanted a book that could move in those ways.

It's amazing to me that there still aren't that many really good websites for hosting image-text work, or work that includes video. I love *Triple Canopy*, for instance, but that's one place. And they have a very particular take on their subject, or a very particular aesthetic. It's just baffling to me that there aren't twenty such places. You know, even *The Believer* online, which did a great job with "Saetas" due to some heroic work by their amazing editor Hayden Bennett, was stuck with some technical limits. Hayden really *made* it work. But it surprises

me that there aren't more places with more flexible formatting options for online image-text work.

DR: Instead we just have white space and ads.

CT: I don't understand it. Another thing I did in the '90s—I had a lot of weird jobs when I was younger, and one of them was I was hired by a computer scientist to basically feed him Modernist poetry that would be a kind of synecdoche for the program that he was developing, which made it seem as though you were approaching the text, and then maybe zooming through the hole in the “o” to another layer of text, etc., and my job was to provide poems that would resonate with this space. It was a great job. And it feels like just one early example of a confluence of thinking, literature, visuality, and publishing technologies.

DR: Seems like an incredible gig!

CT: I do sort of regret not going down the computer language route. My dissertation at Duke was on changes in print technology and their impact on cultural understandings of authorship. And way before that, when I was in high school and, as I remember it, the only girl in my computing class, I was in the last class where they taught Fortran, which meant that we still carried around stacks of cards and had a hole punch machine. We put rubber bands around them and put them in our backpacks. And—I often tell this story because I'm very fond of it—we would make flip movies on the backs of them. That was the most fun I had in class because our programming was so rudimentary—basically you had two giant stacks of cards that might turn a light switch on and then turn it off. But you could make these amazing animations on the reverse side of the big stacks of rubber-banded cards. So, for me, the idea of computing and language learning and image making and storytelling are all kind of contained in that moment. I feel like that was a pivotal moment for me.

DR: In graduate school, how did you come to be interested in the question of, not necessarily authorship and different means of printing, but media and electronic literature?

CT: That is a good question. Before I went to grad school, I was working as a documentary film producer at WNET in New York. I was also organizing film festivals—a friend of mine, Ed Rekosh, and I started the Human Rights Watch Film Festival, so I was pretty immersed in the world of documentary film, and in a certain type of politics focusing on human rights issues.

When I went to grad school, I was originally in a joint JD-PhD program, and I thought I would do that. However, I found that the discourse of rights, and human rights in particular, was being taken apart on the anti-colonial, Marxist literary side of my studies, but reinforced on the legal side, and those two discourses and the conversation between them was really baffling to me at that time. I didn't really understand how to bring them together. In retrospect, I see that there were people having lots of conversations across those divides, but it wasn't really available to me at that moment. So, I dropped the legal studies part, and I was just doing graduate study in literature with a focus on American literature, mostly 19th century at that point, when I started going to Chiapas with my husband, who had a music residency there. We spent a lot of time there in the early '90s and got involved in the margins of the Zapatistas struggle. It was very compelling. The people who I knew who were more involved than I was were people I admired tremendously. So, I read everything about it I could get my hands on. And spent time learning from people in Chiapas. And—to finally answer your question about how I got interested in electronic writing—the Zapatistas were incredibly adept at using the emerging internet, especially in ways that foregrounded the notion of multiple authorship. I was hugely interested in this and in the ways

that online writing, at that time, could undermine the connections between profit and authorship, between identity and authorship, between an individualistic society versus a collective one. So, I wrote one chapter of my dissertation on that. It ended up being the last chapter because it was the most recent, historically, but when I look back, it was the initiating piece.

DR: For me, you are describing a dream of the web that has now so thoroughly lapsed, I don't know how to recover it. But this was a moment of hope for the internet.

CT: Yeah, it felt so amazing. And everybody said, "Oh, watch out, it's just going to get appropriated." Those people were right. So now I'm a little hesitant to get back into that world, but I'm also still eager to find, or learn of, or make platforms that can host the amazing image-text work that I see being made by my students, by my friends and fellow artists and writers—work that doesn't always find a comfortable public place to live. I think that there are some great sites doing really avant garde, technologically-oriented visual art.

DR: Like the publication *Dis*?

CT: Yes. But a lot of these sites are not always comfortable places for sustained text, that's the main thing. They can be really great for visually oriented work, or work that digs deeply into AI, or other computer-inflected art, but it's sustained text in conjunction with images that doesn't have that many outlets.

DR: Do you still think the book is the best form for that?

CT: Yes, I think so. Also, the book really is the ultimate time travel apparatus. Which reminds me of this great thing that Alexander

Kluge said in an interview with Gary Indiana, who said something like, “Mass media and cinema can take away the time people need to reflect.” And Kluge responded, “Some kill time, but some produce it. A book can do it very easily, it can transport time from the 12th century to the 19th or 20th: it’s something very utopian and very interesting.” That seems right to me, although, I couldn’t do “Saetas” as a piece in a book. It would be so diminished without the video and the sound. You need to hear it, to feel it in your body.

DR: Yes, “Saetas” wouldn’t be the same—there’s that video of the singer, I forget his name, it’s not even that he’s breaking...



CT: El Lebrijano. A god. There are so many incredible moments captured on film and video of Flamenco singers. Like El Chocolate,

who—I swear—unhinges his jaw like a snake, and his mouth becomes impossibly huge, and then his jaw kind of warbles side to side, and he makes this sound that is *unearthly*. That you have to hear, not read about.

DR: There's a quality of all of those, both the videos and the images, however, that do *collect* language. You can't read about them, but they want the language there. For example, that moment when El Lebriano breaks and goes into whatever emotional space he disappears to—it wants, not captioning, it's not a didactic impulse...

CT: Some context?

DR: Well you want to *say something* about that. It's so powerful, it makes you want to come around it with words—it feels like those moments collect or desire language, those little moments of punctum.

Are there any image-text works that maybe do this work? Books that you are partial to?

CT: Yeah, there are a lot of books that I think reveal, if not the desire of the images for text, the desire, or need, of the artist to speak to, or with, or alongside them. For instance, my dearest colleague and comrade, Nicholas Muellner's gorgeous and devastating photos and essays on closeted gay men in Russia and Ukraine, *In Most Tides an Island*. I couldn't imagine those images without those words. And another book whose words seem pulled by the images, desired in a way that feels painfully necessary, is Robert Frank's *The Lines of My Hand*, which was one of the first image-text books I encountered and which still makes me ache when I read it. It opens with these crazy eyeball images and Frank saying "If there are any answers I have lost them," and then at the end of this totally crushing book, he writes a note to his son,

who was institutionalized, saying, “Happy Birthday Pablo. What a hard life we have together. I can’t take it. Too much for me.” And the texts at the end are scrawled and scratched, with words incised into the photos. There’s one set saying goodbye to his daughter, Andrea, who died in a plane crash (“I think of Andrea every DAY”). Or just “sick of goodbyes” scrawled on mirrors that are at once vacant and full of doom.

I also love Bertolt Brecht’s *Kriegsfibel* (*War Primer*) and its reappearance within Broomberg and Chanarin’s *War Primer 2*. And Martha Rosler’s *The Bowery in two inadequate descriptive systems*; Harmony Holiday’s work; Sophie Calle’s work. Claudia Rankine’s *Don’t Let Me Be Lonely*. But these all function a little differently. They are not texts made to desiring images; they work more dialectically. *Don’t Let Me Be Lonely* was one of the first literary books that made me really think about the function, or possible functions, of images in literature.

DR: Those fuzzy, snow-filled televisions.

CT: Those silly snow-filled televisions that are also *devastating* because of what they’re not showing, of what you know they’re not showing. And the way that they capture the psychological inquiries of the narrator as inseparable from the violent, racist politics of our nation.

Of course, the other image-text books I’ve been deeply drawn to are the ones we have chosen to publish at ITI (Image Text Ithaca) Press: Andre Bradley’s brilliant and heartbreaking memoir *Dark Archives*, whose exploration of the self as archive gets amplified by Elana Schlenker’s brilliant design choices; Carmen Winant’s explicit, frank, and feminist *My Birth*; Jo Ann Walters and Laura Wexler’s gorgeous, sad, and fascinating *Wood River Blue Pool*; John Keene and Nicholas Muellner’s funny and dear *GRIND*; Christine Hume and Jeff Clark’s

clear-eyed and outraged *Question Like A Face*; and most recently, *One Long Black Sentence*, a set of drawings that seem to propose a kind of architecture for thought by Renee Gladman with a text by Fred Moten, which will be out in the spring of 2020, and *The Poetics* by writer Lucy Ives and photographer Matthew Connors, which is a strange, curious, and powerful meditation on objects, time, and narrative, and on the forms of contemporary media and politics, and how we understand them. You really have to see all of them in person to have the encounters they make possible.

*All text and images used with the permission of the publisher,
Image Text Ithaca Press.*



Dark Archives

Image: Andre Bradley

Text: Andre Bradley

I am just one black man. I don't trust what I hear about black men in American media, and no one should. If you would ask how some urban African American communities have come to deal with such terrible circumstances, you would begin to unravel and peel back what's really going on, what's happened.



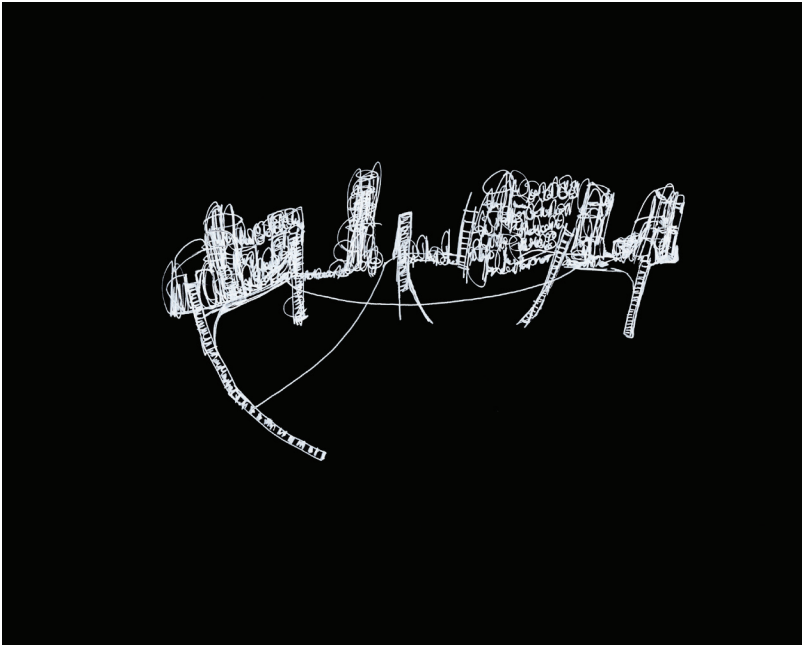
GRIND

Image: Nicholas Muellner

Text: John Keene

brains and brawn
if you've come for a funeral
if you've come for inspiration
pick no response
I answer to

available for whatever
you're too early
you're too late
I don't answer to sup
masculine hairy



One Long Black Sentence

Image: Renee Gladman

Text: Fred Moten

Anindex
by Fred Moten

If you're looking for something here let me point you in the right direction, towards the prohibited book you're in at the end of, having made yourself small and made yourself a tiny ride, so you can ride around. Riding around all of it, riding around in 'em with them'n'her, there's something other than perspective. Keep it in something other than that to let it go. On and gone, I in that, it makes the difference between settling and living, which is consent in bending and folding. A relinquishing of one's shape, and you invite this, extend it, draw it out. The sentence invites this past its end, in the thickening and torquing and fraying and outpouring of the line. This sentence comes in the form of an open tangle. How can an index, or this index, index that? Is there a non-deictic index, some kind of curved and displaced pointing? Is there anindex? We on it!!!



The Poetics

Image: Matthew Connors

Text: Lucy Ives

Also, there aren't really any secrets in this world. But there are kinds of information about history that we are not, strictly speaking, supposed to have. It has long been my goal to think about these kinds of information.

To put this a little differently, I wonder: How can poetic, fictional, or experimental—literary—modes give us new ways of reading and writing history?

I am not, by the way, interested in writing as a mode of proof or evidence. I am interested in it precisely for what it cannot prove, for what it may show as not the case, as excluded or merely possible.



Wood River Blue Pool/Blue Pool Cecelia

Image: Jo Ann Walters

Text: Emma Kemp

Alton is a town defined by its water. It is a town prone to flooding, a leaky town in which the cycle of swelling and breaching initiates structural deformations, pushing things out and away from the center. Imagine swollen cedar shingles and splayed ponderosa-siding so marbled with fissures that the warped boards pull away from the houses in a violent contortion: the architecture here looks possessed. Imagine tar roofs split and blistered. Imagine swollen bellies quivering against a wall of midday heat. Imagine plywood coffins puncturing gummy lawns like new teeth. Imagine all of these and also the night that my guide and I sat in her car in the deserted lot of an ice-skating rink. We watched the windshield clog with mosquitoes until we turned on the wipers, smearing their bodies in a muddy black arc on the glass. On these nights with the moon out full and scores of heart-shuddering tweak-ers working the streets, you could describe this town as one with a history of extraction: people take what they need to survive (a town of quarries and mines and factories and mills) and the ones who leave do so only as stereotypes in the minds of the North and the West. The question, then: do you make a photograph of this place or take one?

BRIGHTEN, THEN

Adam Tedesco

There's a museum stuck in my arm
Woke late for quail and tried pulling it
Squeezed out the ego and dried my back

I am a trench coat filled with children
diving into the quarry

We want to take you for a ride in our plane
crash into something expensive
a side of beef
an oystered bay
a house in the skirts

The sun's a handstitched saddle
You are my hands
made by no one at all

Въясняюще

Un jour Margot, Critique au noir plumage,
Laisse ses ris injurieux
Plai subvenir, à toute haine, en tous lieux,
Et son vol lève à tous et son aigle ramage,
Se dit: faisons le monde à mon image,
Le monde me trouvera mieux.....

Or sus, qu'en venant ici, peuple absurde et foude,
Apprenez comme on chante, apprenez comme on vole.
Non rien lessé que le lud, jappins, regard, moir;
Murmurer en silence et la supériorité la. in

Des lacs, si quel qu'un ³ m'écrit sous la rampe,
Doucement gazouillait, au temps du Renouveau,
Ou se fargait, pluvait dans sa juponne enflammée;
De rage, au moment instant, notre Pie. amérie,
"Cucicibab!" à l'aigle, et silence! à l'oiseau.

Gloire d'une âme, ⁴La seule priemelle...
 La voila maintenant après tant de fracas,
 Pouvant que sans sa loi tout se coube ici bas,
 La voila, l'ail fixé sur la voûte éternelle,
 Et parmi les splendeurs dont le monde étincelle,
 Envisage, ô mortelle pour elle
 Un royaume que ne s'élève pas.



MARGOT la CRITIQUE.

Raucaeque garrulitas studium quæ immane loquendi.

6. 7. AVERY
COPY 187106

"MARGOT LA CRITIQUE." THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY DIGITAL COLLECTIONS.
1854.

FROM LIKE HONEY

Jay Aquinas Thompson

1: Spree

You know how it is: you remember how the dead in their stillness
still overtake us / how out from that stillness first & final
our bodies rise stating their higher order among

brown grass ripening to purple scythed by bees / your belly's
myriad nerves yelp under touch of superheated dust grains
fluming off between stars / some things go

only one direction the strawberry way your nipples stiffen
under a lover's fingers or sun quicksilvering
a cottonwood cut crosswise by crow- shadow / but why

crows & this murmury thirst these weaving veins
& your rippling un-self-recognized breath beneath above around inside me
coming to equilibrium / the timothy & vetch un-crush

exhale sweetness & our minds rise to follow us from the field
burrs resolving / the snail does move slower than light
but today I feel extra worm-eaten among fumes of cerulean pollen /

anyone heeding the thunders in each hanging waterdrop knows
better than to worship an idol but only my favorite people
likewise refuse to revere simple truth or goodness / abstraction

is only a means as you fall on me & I harden swooningly /
like the same star-color stabbing a variety of velvets /
it's easy to get married / to any light cast through the life

& loves I have already / but don't I ruin what I love? /
someone says *desire* around me & I say quit it / can we just say
desire is / or *suffering is* / and be done? / love I

learn is not my kind of contentious telegraphing bachelor's-buttons
closing prettily around my finger /
second petaling second petaling second / but don't I make

a big deal about things in this prime of my uncommon cravings /
out from the overtaking stillness of the dead
our galaxy accretes then our particular free-falling

fireball / then lifesounds like ours & those
of the droll stoner bees downers against my uppers /
in whose going out I go out

in whose staying in I stay slender tender
& bursty this thirsty June afternoon / daintily
bridge rails ring to Finn's striking stick /

it's easy to get married as the supermarket ceiling
fluoresces & my skin a silver sob sinks
to meet you to be in you / sometimes the recognition is

the action / squashvines stippled with mildew overrun
the path & a cucumber moon comes out through
the blue accretions of evening / the trembling projector-stars turn

purple & lose their points mar your clear skin & muss your hair
sting your eyes in- to tears maybe or heavy-lidded pleasure /
but I hold fast to my melting fury / I like being made eddying air

& river quartz & drowsy summer lightning to myself /
no matter how stupid & young I am on waking
20,000 years later to showerwater concussing you

to your coarse-shaven jaw & strong hands seeking /
loverboy you're through being my emblem yet the overtaking
stillness of the dead assured me

my joy could come in waves / waves of icesweat waves of jeanshort ass
waves of arbor vitae / enough to fill both hands with every morning for as
long as summer / till I turn sticky or bored / more like the roseleaf's

irregular tremble as rain runs on- to it over an eave / but don't I
always make a joke / don't I always kill it for myself
in the thinnest time-machine windchime chime /

as you
turn
to a
view
on
clover's
dazzling
darkness
they
call her
smell
of singeing
under
any
name

I feel you hard in my throat & I can't get enough
a breeze won't enter a room it can't leave / my mouth
contracting around you like a single

held note / alder leaves heat-stunned & snapping
loose though it's summer still summer /
rind of moon through brushsmoke / the man in the sun

dabbing mascara rouging his cheeks / as I crawl
exhausted among madrone hulls & deer spoor down
toward Puget Sound where sky & water rust shut

& I pour red wine onto beachstones to remind them
of their pent-up unconscious slow ache / they thank me
in their saying-nothing sort of way /

2: Rouge

be part of the world & I'll let you inside me / the windowsill cactus lolling
fuzzily as I come on your chest / pitcher-water spills
from the bottom of the pot / manifold

mosquito larvae kick & throb through the kiddie pool we left out
full all August till I tip it / & the little bugs die /
& their flesh departs to pace around the waiting spirit

summer brought about as when I sing along not
knowing the words / the corrugated cognac sun
scratches your belly's wrong attention /

I rasped my cheek a- cross yours I pulled the blanket so
we could stay in half-shade / lilac slipping
of dew in you like my fingers some pretty birds heard you looking at /

here's what I choose: crushed iris stalk circling in the pond
tent caterpillars nesting in walnut leaves parched
purple / denuded merrily spiritless ants in place of angels

alimentation & the operations of sex in place of any
elevation of grace or nature / time neither secular
nor sacred every rotting plum some extravagant climax /

what now
as to
show's
to hide
mind's frail
first
privacy
never does
quite re-
store the
merry
cockles
of morning
first peeling
hori-
zontal

am I scared you'll disappear if I stop needing you? /
love I learn is not my kind of contentious
telegraphing as one gets a sense which is

of the same nature as the faculty which
reports that sense / for instance of the continuities of noon
around which earth cars herbs rugs lions & apples

build a various shell / but what to say to you Finn
my little butterfly-eyes busy fistfighting computers in your dreams? /
you ask for one more book & conk out anyway

stone separating itself from sperm & egg / the lettuceey shreds
of seaweed you walk among picking quartz pebbles & dolomites
to mark an eggshell-yellow driftlog you made me smell:

little warm-woodsy little beach-stinky / more like story washed up
on story / yesterday evening the far islands' two rows of fir & cedar silhouettes
separable only when I let my eyes adjust & could say:

one hill here one hill here / but *I live in that blue*
galaxy! you yell to a sun-bracelet cumulus cloud *the sun is the earth!*
spooking the goslings since some things no gratitude

could possibly honor no tenderness could possibly preserve yet
we persist / shellfuls of seawater light piercing the
hills' edges / beryl-colored thunder blooms

over humorless mountain & upridge a ways we see
blue spruces heave & shudder / here it's stiller
rain pocking me & G's plastic hoods / our stinking boots

our wind-reddened faces & flyaway beards / admit it:

it's sometimes terrifying not joyful the force another's love has
in your life kicking down your sandcastle diplomas

selling your Corolla giving you children what doesn't kill you
kills you / the sense of foolishness wiser than wisdom
the sense of weakness stronger than strength /

it sends crawlies up my calves / your lips taste off in autumn bread's
common wave / in the fire fastened to my bones
in the undiluted trace you left across my

knuckles / as in the single gesture of the robin's eye
lighting on the ribbon's raggedy silk & its wings
scissoring to swoop for it / sometimes

the recognition is itself the decision / the fond offhands
that flamed up between us from practically our first letters /
or the peeling fragrance of brewer's yeast black coffee

& mulch in your morning in a new city the first you're suddenly certain
of many / sweeping rain / but it's hard you know to tell
gifts from contingencies / sparrow scatters seed to the deck /

the drear weight of woods swallows me fine &

still has room for the scratch of sun & any coagulant
starstuff later nebulae sip from / that gnawed by loneliness / with a

blade-edge of oleander lodged in my heart / with an evening sweetness
settling in my lungs' satchels / with a torch of blackness leading me
to my own insides / with an October perfume oozing

from the wounded grass I know I'm not the only one to
inhale & imagine my lymph's foam retreating forever my blood's red grain
blanching my belly hardening to marble / but I heard that song

once & when the song faded I didn't: I remained
fleshly as Whitman fussy as a banker back to the wide
& single byways of my impoverished & sufficient self / force some

unified throb from your oversoul & you'll only be fooling you /
more like Finn scuffing up his middle ears
stuffing his fingers in every time a plane

screams too low makes us feed him PBJ turns
pages with his toe chuckles to himself curtains drawn /
ravening douglass fir there's no such thing as abstract suffering

A Candle: The Flame · Its Sources · Structure · Mobility · Brightness

I PURPOSE, in return for the honour you do us by coming to see what are our proceedings here, to bring before you, in the course of these lectures, the chemical history of a candle. I have taken this subject on a former occasion; and were it left to my own will, I should prefer to repeat it almost every year—so abundant is the interest that attaches itself to the subject, so wonderful are the varieties of outlet which it offers into the various departments of philosophy. There is not a law under which any part of this universe is governed which does not come into play, and is touched upon in these phenomena. There is no better, there is no more open door by which you can enter into the study of natural philosophy, than by considering the physical phenomena of a candle. I trust, therefore, I shall not disappoint you in choosing this for my subject rather than any newer topic, which could not be better, were it even so good.

And before proceeding, let me say this also—that though our subject be so great, and our intention that of treating it honestly, seriously, and philosophically, yet I mean to pass away from all those who are seniors amongst us. I claim the privilege of speaking to juveniles as a juvenile myself. I have done so on former occasions—and, if you please, I shall do so again. And though I stand here with the knowledge of having the words I utter given to the world, yet that shall not deter me from speaking in the same familiar way to those whom I esteem nearest to me on this occasion.

Appearances of Eternal Presence

Obsessive focus centered on one single results in intensely attended thoughts. As if an act of singular meditation serves to settle a mind's jumpy distractions. Michael Faraday's little book chapters of his lectures, *The Chemical History of a Candle* is the first book I encountered that called attention to whom its words intended to reach. Never before having thought of a reader, an audience, an anyone other than me and the words in front of me—I was so young, I could be forgiven, maybe 12, maybe 13, the idea of *readers, audiences* did not occur to me. That would come much later. I read to search beyond myself, outside of me, to find what I did not experience, did not have first hand, I read to see who else there might be other than me. I was single-minded to a fault, I had no consciousness of being surrounded by other people when I was inside the pages of a book. And then I was handed this book all about and only about a candle, and it began by caring so carefully for the boys and girls to whom its words are addressed. I thought maybe *everything is simple when it is left alone*. I took to heart Faraday's attention of thinking of caring for those whose time and minds he borrowed.

—EUPHRASIE ZEOLIDE BARROIS

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